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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE struggle in the East has lost its dramatic interest since the fall of Warsaw. It is for the present a chronicle of the advance of the six or seven German armies. In the centre of the Polish salient the Russians are no longer making the same efforts to delay the invaders, and except on their wings their rear-guard actions are less obstinate. They have gained their purpose, for they have enabled their main armies to avoid envelopment, and at the same time to carry off in their retreat everything which might be of use to the enemy. They are removing every bit of machinery, from the linotypes to the reapers, and smashing what they cannot remove; they burn the crops where they have not reaped them, and a great part of the civil population follows their flight. It is a repetition of the tactics of 1812, and it must impede the German advance and tax their transport to the utmost, though it can hardly be as fatal now as it was a century ago. Napoleon need never have quitted Moscow, if he had had a railway behind him. On the Narew lines the Russian barrier is melting away. The forts here have capitulated, though the fortress of Novo Georgievsk still holds out. Ivangorod fell after a very slight resistance. The

Bavarians, von Woyrsch and Mackensen, are all marching rapidly eastward, and their centre has passed Siedlce in its advance on the Brest-Litovsk lines.

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It is possible that the Brest lines may not be permanently held. They are being turned from the north, and already the Russian official news warns us what to expect, for Kovno, Vilna, and Dvinsk are all being evacuated and stripped, as Warsaw was before them. The retirement into the depths of the Russian interior is evidently destined to continue. The hardest fighting is now for the possession of the fortified military depôt of Kovno. It is nearly invested, and its outer lines have been heavily bombarded by 16 in. guns, and subjected to fierce but as yet unsuccessful infantry assaults. Von Hindenburg in person is directing these northern operations. He is no nearer to Riga than he was last week, and his vanguard has even drawn back. The German fleet has attacked Riga unsuccessfully, and the land operations may be delayed by the failure to win the command of the Baltic. Russian opinion is now coming to the conclusion that the Germans are seriously bent on the capture of Petrograd. The distance is not prohibitive (260 miles over a good road from Riga), but the lakes and marshes of the Pskov province make an obstacle comparable to the watery mazes of East Prussia, and the long line of communications would be very vulnerable.

* * *

APART from Poland, much the most important military event of the week is our new enterprise in the Gallipoli peninsula. The news is very brief, but it suggests that a new plan of campaign has been adopted. Fresh forces have been landed near the position which the Australians have held with little change since the end of April. This is the Anzac region, between the two points Gaba Tepe and Ari Burnu. It is of course isolated from our main lines at Krithia, and is only five miles across the peninsula from Mairdos and the Narrows. Some important positions have been won here, and a real beginning made in the capture of the Sari Bair heights which bar the advance. This may prove in the end a more hopeful line of advance than that on Achi Baba in the south. But there also some ground has been won both by our men and by the French. The more exciting of the two new developments is, however, the fresh landing near Karachali, on the mainland, at the head of the Gulf of Saros.

* * *

FROM this point the distance to Kavak is only ten miles, and Kavak is the key to the main road by which the Bulair lines, and indeed the whole Gallipoli peninsula, are supplied. Assuming that our submarines can continue to deny to the Turks the use of the sea, an advance to Kavak would result in the siege of the peninsula. Kavak, however, ought to be a strong position, for it has hills behind it and extensive marshes in front of it. If this landing took the Turks in any degree by surprise, the operation may develop rapidly. But manifestly our force, exposed on the mainland, faces much greater risks of envelopment than its fellow on the narrow peninsula. Such an adventure could hardly be

undertaken, even with the constant support of the guns of the fleet, save by a large body of men. No details are yet known about this landing behind the Bulair lines. Sir Ian Hamilton reports first "considerable progress" and the capture of 650 prisoners, and then "no further progress." One need pay no heed to the Turkish claim that they "completely dispersed" this force. A way out of the stalemate at Krithia is evidently being sought with great determination and with large reinforcements of fresh troops. While it is well to remember that even at the new points the familiar trench deadlock may reappear, the whole prospect is distinctly more hopeful than it has seemed to be at any time since the first days of May.

At sea the best news is of the continued success of our submarines in the Sea of Marmora. One of them has sunk the Turkish battleship, "Haireddin Barbarossa." She was an old ship, with forty years' service behind her, and had been purchased second-hand from Germany, but she was an appreciable fraction of the vanishing Turkish navy. Her loss is important, not so much because she had much fighting value, as because it suggests that the Turks can no longer make an effective use of their internal sea to back their land operations. This exploit took place not far from Gallipoli. In the North Sea an engagement took place last Sunday between two converted merchant cruisers. The swifter German "Meteor" was able to sink our little patrol boat "Ramsey," but a squadron of British cruisers came up shortly after, and the commander of the "Meteor," unable to escape them, abandoned his ship and blew her up. Our destroyer "Lynx," has been sunk by a mine, and the armed liner "India" by a submarine, and these three losses probably involve about 120 lives. An attempt by a strong German fleet to approach Riga has been repulsed, with some loss, for a cruiser and two destroyers were damaged by mines. In the Adriatic an Italian submarine has torpedoed an Austrian submarine. This is only the second encounter in this war between submarines. The other occasion exactly reversed this, an Austrian sinking an Italian submarine.

In contrast to the Russian campaign, fighting in France is still uneventful, and the Allies have attempted only one small local offensive. This was our advance at Hooze, to the east of Ypres. After heavy artillery preparation, the whole of the trenches lately lost were retaken and something won beyond them, on a front of 1,200 yards. The prisoners numbered 150. Some trenches have been abandoned south of Hooze, but have remained untenanted, as the fire from both sides made a zone in which no human being could live. The Germans have continued their activity in the Argonne, attacking hotly on several successive days. Their gains were very small, and for the most part only momentary. They have also conducted costly and useless attacks against the French advanced positions in the Vosges, above Münster. On the Italian front there is no substantial change, though the Italian attacks on the Isonzo lines continue.

THE most interesting events of the week in the West have been in the air and at sea. A squadron of Zeppelins (probably five) visited our East Coast on Monday night. Some damage was caused by conflagrations, and the casualties amounted to fourteen civilians killed and as many wounded. One of the airships was damaged by our coast-defence guns, and had to be towed home. The lame Zeppelin was caught by Allied airmen from Dunkirk and destroyed. French airmen have meanwhile carried

out a raid on force against Saarbrücken, with its big railway centre and munitions factory, east of Metz.

GERMAN diplomacy has followed up the capture of Warsaw by several independent and inconsistent efforts. Articles have appeared in the Dutch and American press, which seem to be feelers towards a general peace, and they all naturally suggest that the terms would be "moderate" and consistent with the dignity of all the belligerents. From the Vatican comes news (through an Italian correspondent of the "Times") that Germany is seeking Papal mediation on the basis of the restitution of Belgium. On the other hand, an altogether different line of policy is suggested in the news that the Court of Berlin has again attempted to secure a separate peace with Russia. There is no doubt that an offer has been made through the King of Denmark, but the proposals reported by the Petrograd newspapers seem hardly credible. Galicia and the Dardanelles, it is said, have been offered to Russia if she will give Germany a free hand against the Western Allies. Turkey would be rewarded with Egypt for the surrender of Constantinople, but we are not informed whether any compensation is proposed for Austria. This is either diplomatic lunacy, or else it is a gay journalistic invention.

THE efforts of the German Socialists to secure a peace without conquests will always be remembered with respect, but it is more important to understand the mind of their opponents. "L'Humanité" published on Wednesday the full text of a long confidential memorandum addressed to the German Chancellor by six agrarian and industrial associations, preceding a rather similar manifesto by a body of Professors. The associations represent among them all the more powerful capitalistic interests of Germany. They protest against any premature and incisive peace, are alarmed by rumors, current during May, of an attempt to conclude a separate peace with Great Britain, and point out that if the war so ends as to increase taxation, the internal peace of the country will be endangered. They ask, therefore, for such a military and economic weakening of the enemy as will assure peace for a long time. They want a big Colonial Empire, tariff advantages, a big indemnity, and conquests on the Russian frontier. But the purpose of the memorandum is to insist that the main object of the war must be the spoliation of Belgium and France. The whole of Belgium must be annexed, and all the North of France, including the Pas de Calais, the Department of the North, the Briey district, Verdun, and Belfort.

THE arguments for these annexations are bluntly stated. These capitalist organizations are resolved to acquire the coal and iron fields of Belgium and France. The riches of these fields are described, the poverty of German resources touched upon, and a long technical argument added to explain the future importance of coal in the production of petrol and chemical materials. It is not enough, however, to annex Belgium and Northern France. Their railways, canals, mines, and landed estates must all pass into the actual ownership of Germans. This must be so contrived that the indemnities to the expropriated owners shall be paid by France and not by Germany. The people of the annexed territories must be so administered that they can acquire no share whatever in the government of the German Empire. It is fair to remember that this amazing document does not reflect the views of the German Government, still less of the German masses. But it is an authoritative expression of the mind of the agrarians

and manufacturers, who usually get their way in the making of tariffs and the adjustment of taxes. These scientific pirates have reflected profoundly on the problem how conquest can be made to pay, and certainly a conquest on these lines would be immensely profitable to the German middle-class.

* * *

An imposing diplomatic effort has been made this week in the Balkans by the Quadruple Entente, to restore the unity of the short-lived Balkan League. Bulgaria was informed of the terms on which she might hope to realize her legitimate national ambitions, and Serbia and Greece were told that they are expected to make concessions. The Greek Government, which still successfully keeps the Venezelist majority out of office, replied that not even if it were presented with the coveted territories in Asia Minor would it consent to surrender one inch of its territories in Europe. Serbia was hardly less uncompromising. Its answer, as officially reported by the Serbian Press Bureau, was that "at present" it is not prepared to make any concessions to Bulgaria. What precisely was said to Bulgaria we do not know, but the "Novoe Vremya," an anti-Bulgarian paper, remarks that the contents of the note were not calculated to evoke enthusiasm in Sofia. Bulgaria, remembering the fate of her last treaty with Serbia, asks for some better security than paper that she will receive her due in Macedonia. Meanwhile, it is fortunate for us that Turkey is too much elated by the fall of Warsaw to make even the most moderate concessions to Bulgaria, and as M. Radoslavoff has frankly told an American interviewer, Bulgaria is not prepared to sell her neutrality for ever.

* * *

An odious proclamation to the inhabitants of Warsaw has been issued by Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the nominal chief of the occupying army. This document announces that the "leaders and most prominent citizens" have been taken as hostages in order to secure the Germans against any "prepared attacks" by the Russian armies. Any Russian citizen who has knowledge of the preparation of such attacks is to "bring them promptly" to the notice of the "German military authorities," and anyone "guilty" not merely of assisting such assaults, but of "negligence" in reporting them, is to be put to death. Obviously, if such a person is not to be found, the hostage will suffer in his stead. This vile threat, which would turn Russian people into compulsory traitors, is in direct violation of Article 44 of the Hague Code of 1907 for War on Land, under which a belligerent is "forbidden to compel the inhabitants of territory occupied by it to furnish information about the army of the other belligerent." It is a good example of the kind of government which Germany would extend to Russian Poland from her own Polish province, where she has laid hands on every national right—faith, property, and culture—which she could impound.

* * *

WE are glad to see Mr. Lloyd George's announcement that 345 establishments have been declared to be "controlled." We wish it had been made known earlier, for we are convinced that the workmen are not aware of this fact; indeed, the announcement that "while steps have been taken to supply notices to be posted" in such works and factories, no list has been published. Does this mean that the notices have not all been actually posted? We imagine so. Mr. Lloyd George states "the profits of the employers" are to be "limited," and the excess paid into the national exchequer. But has the Government yet fixed the principle on which this limitation is to be based?

Two Liberal Members of Parliament (Mr. Ellis Griffith and Sir Leo Chiozza Money) have sent a long letter to the papers in favor of conscription. Its chief point is its choice of an arbitrary figure of four millions as representing the army we require, coupled with the assertion that this number could not, under the voluntary system, be raised before next spring or summer, or trained before December, 1916. But there is no attempt to prove that, under conscription, such a body could be enlisted or trained any earlier. Obviously, the period of training would be the same for voluntary soldiers as for conscripts. And if Messrs. Griffith and Money think that we could set up conscription between August, 1915, and May, 1916, they imagine a vain thing. Another test question, as to whether a very large voluntary force could be mixed with a smaller conscript force is ignored, while the general character of the thinking may be judged from the suggestion that there should be "no freedom of action for men while fighting for their country any more than when playing cricket."

* * *

THE rejection by the House of Lords of the Pensions Bill is not an unqualified misfortune, for now that the House is up the Bill can have the revision it needs. The Bill in its present form is objectionable, both in respect of the authorities to whom the duties under the Bill are assigned, and in respect also of the provision for disabled soldiers and sailors. As to the first point the Lords, or some of them, would like to make the Bill worse than it is, for they want to reintroduce the excellent Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association into the administration of public funds. This is most improper, for the right of the soldier to his pension must not rest on the discretion of persons accustomed to administer charitable funds. The question of the disabled soldier is left in a very unsatisfactory state in the Bill. Last May a strong committee, presided over by Sir George Murray, was appointed by the Local Government Board to consider this subject, and its report recommended the creation of a central committee, whose business it should be to train disabled men and find them employment. On this body they wished to put representatives from trade unions, as well as employers, and representatives from the government departments interested. The Committee very properly treated the question as of great importance. The Government responded by throwing this responsibility on to the shoulders of a statutory committee of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation, which was charged with nine separate duties, of which this particular duty was to be the ninth. On this committee, labor is to have not less than two representatives out of twenty-nine.

* * *

THE principle of associating the care of the disabled with the dispensation of pensions and allowances is, we think, wholly wrong. Mr. C. E. Price, in the course of an excellent speech the other week, mentioned a case of which he had knowledge of a man who had lost an eye, and received a pension of 7s. 6d. a week. Clearly the important thing, both for the victim and for the State, is to find proper employment for this man, and not merely to supplement his pension. We are disposed to agree with the Labor members that the right method is to separate the question of pensions and employment and to treat the provision of training and employment for the disabled in connection with the general business of providing employment for ex-soldiers. At present we seem likely to relapse into our familiar mistakes of confusion and disorder.

Politics and Affairs.

THE POPE'S PLEA FOR PEACE.

THIS is a time when the faith which Tolstoy called the "doctrine of this world" appears to hold the minds of men with unexampled force. What, therefore, of the professors of the doctrine which is not of this world, the doctrine held by the Churches in the belligerent nations? In its behalf the head of the eldest of these Churches has just addressed an appeal of affecting sincerity and eloquence. Of all the great institutional organizations of Christianity, the Roman Catholic Church is perhaps the most affected by the war. Like Judaism and Socialism, it is international; its faithful are counted among all the warring Powers. Its interests lean perceptibly to the German combination, which contains the most uniform of the Catholic Powers. But it acknowledges a debt of pity to the wrongs of Belgium and of sentiment to the historic association with France. Moreover, the Papacy has its home in Italy; its genius is Latin rather than Teutonic; even its timid, neutralized diplomacy is bound to take some formal account of the two great characteristics of German war-making, its affront to the spirit of law, of which the Catholic Church is pre-eminently the embodiment, and its exaltation of the human will, in which Catholicism divines the arch-heresy of the modern secular world. Nor need we separate from the latest and most spiritual of the appeals of Benedict XV. a pious sense of the afflictions of his widely sundered flock, the sufferings and privations of Catholic men, the anguish of Catholic women. The higher intellect of men did indeed reject this conflict; but its deeper challenge is to the Spirit of Pity which lived in the life of Jesus, and has never ceased to flow from the inspiration of the Cross. On this plane of sympathy, the Pope, speaking in the "Holy Name of God, in the name of our Heavenly Father and Master, by the blood of Christ, the price of human redemption," adjures the statesmen of the belligerent nations to "end this horrible bloodshed," which has "dishonored Europe for a year," strewn its fairest regions "with corpses and ruin," taken daily toll of "thousands of young lives," and destroyed towns and monuments raised by the "piety and genius" of the past. "End it at once," says the Pope; set up an "exchange of views," taking into account the "rights and aspirations" of the peoples, and earning the blessing that falls to those who "first raise the olive branch" and offer "reasonable conditions of peace"; return, in brotherly love, to the old life of "peaceful emulation in the arts and industries," under the reign of the "Empire of Right!"

Thus speaks the spiritual mind, quitting the intellectual and even the moral ground of the war, and figuring the combatants as equally guilty of a common sin against religion and humanity. Is this war never to stop? Is it to engulf us all? The chief figure in Christendom says "No," pleading for the children of its altars and prayers. Another great spiritual force, that of womanhood, begins to

cry out against the forced, the unending, sacrifice of its lovers and sons. Is statesmanship to stop its ears against these protests? It has, indeed, no quarrel with the Papacy when it formally quits the ground really abandoned in 1871, and speaks as a pastoral rather than a temporal power. But the limitations of the Pope's address appear when we consider the complete, the voluntary, nescience of its appeal. It comes at a moment when Germany seems at the top of her success. Is it, therefore, a Christian settlement which the Vatican invites, or merely a German peace? Is the war a pure struggle for territory and prestige, and is no moral issue involved in the German claim to govern Europe by the sword, hacking its way through treaties and guarantees, and the national rights which these instruments defend? Unless some such conflict of right and might is admitted, it is hard to see where the intervention of a spiritual influence can come in. It would not be recognized in an abandonment of mercy and reason by both the leagues of combatants. One array of armed force would have to meet another and vanquish or be vanquished by it.

But let us put the question of an immediate peace to a practical test. To the neutral eye, it may look as if Germany might win. Popular Germany probably thinks so, and it is significant that from many German or pro-German quarters come suggestions which may be described as tenders of peace, made in the spirit of a conqueror, or of a Power that believes that it cannot be conquered, or of a diplomacy which feels that the German armies have reached their highest point of success. Are they in the nature of "olive branches"? The first is a professorial address to the Chancellor. It is an arrogant declaration of pan-Germanism, calling for heavy indemnities from Britain, Russia, and France, a large "rectification" of French frontiers, the dispossession of Anglo-Russian influence in the Near and Far East, the establishment of a great German African Empire, a German occupation of the Channel coasts, following on the complete domination of Belgium, the restriction of our cable and wireless services, and a British surrender of Egypt. Of a kindred spirit is a private memorandum to the Chancellor from German agrarian and industrial associations, insisting on the capture of Belgium and Northern France, and their ruthless exploitation in the interest of German production, coupled with a strong protest against a separate peace with England. The third is an exposition, from a pro-German source in Holland, of the theory that as the war cannot produce a "decisive" military result in Europe, the Powers had better settle with each other on the basis of compensations elsewhere. The fourth is the German Chancellor's reply to the American press bureau asking for a statement of the basis which Germany considers necessary to secure European peace and advance civilization. Germany, says the Chancellor, seeks to "guarantee" to all nationalities "the freedom of the oceans" by means of a "free world-wide commerce." This implies, we suppose, that British naval pre-dominance is to be destroyed or qualified. If it is destroyed, the war ends. How is it to be qualified? In war it operates to the closing of certain thoroughfares of the sea,

and the arrest, without violence, of some forms of trading vessels, as against Germany's retort of murderous assault on the lives of passengers and sailors. In peace it does not operate at all save as a general guarantee of open ports to those parts of our overseas' dominions whose tariffs we control. But let us grant a certain note of moderation in this statement. Is this, then, the policy on which the Pope's exchange of views can take place? Or the professors' sketch of a German world-empire? Or the industrial vision of an exploited France and Belgium, and an England dominated from Calais? Or the "Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant's" proposal of an extension of German Colonial Imperialism, for that we imagine is its content? All these schemes and suggestions bear one character. They express themselves in terms of domination. Germany is to gain a greater or a lesser extension of world-power, furnished her by this or that member of the Entente. Can you make peace with men who are without "good-will?"

But supposing the real quarrel is, after all, spiritual, and that the Allies are "up against" not Germany so much as a German theory of government. "Our great object," said Wellington to Castlereagh in the negotiations which followed Waterloo,* "is the peace of the world." In this spirit Sir Edward Grey has defined our present object as the search for "security." So, in effect, has spoken the German Emperor and his Chancellor. They talk of "safeguards," of "guarantees." If the two parties meant the same thing, this identity of terms would be significant. But do they? There are only two real settlements of this grand dispute; all the rest are truces or interludes of strife, of the nature, let us say, of the peace of Amiens. The first rests on an enhanced Germany's military and diplomatic predominance on land, to which it is clear from the Chancellor's sketch that she desires to add predominance at sea. The second is the opposite and conflicting view of putting European society into the common stock, and seeking, by co-operation, to attain a regulating organ of affairs, based in the main on some such general principle as that of respect for the reasonable claims of nationality. Obviously, the first plan would never be assented to by the Allies, even if Germany could secure their forced acquiescence. It would be fought to-day; the fight would be renewed to-morrow. Europe would no more sit down under it than she sat down under the more liberal rule of Napoleon. The second excludes nothing that Germany can claim if her statesmen really cherish the idea of comity among the Powers, and do not mean to bring out the great war-machine after this war as soon as it can be re-fitted for the over-running of Europe. Which is to win? The Pope may mean that material force cannot by itself attain a spiritual end. True; and if the weapons of our warfare are purely carnal—if we in particular propose to emerge from this strife in the Prussian panoply of a great military Power—the Alliance and the Entente nations between them will condemn Europe to a meaningless holocaust of its youth. There is danger here, but the more imminent peril is that the great force-

party in Europe still believes (with some show of reason) that force can win to its goal, will still go on pouring German boys into Russia and France to achieve that purpose, will still, in pursuit of it, go on dinning into Germany's ears the legend of a plot for the partition of the German land and the vivisection of the German people. The Entente is, broadly speaking, a protective combination, and if it would to some extent re-map Europe, its governing idea would be to introduce into it some permanent element of justice, and therefore of content. If it wants a new Continent, let us say and hope that its ruling spirits want it in the sense of building not a new armed and buttressed City of Cecrops, but something nearer a City of God. Is there any other foundation for peace?

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF RUSSIA.

It has seldom been so easy to appreciate correctly the present achievement of Russia. So far as the Eastern theatre of war is concerned, we have our determined schools of optimists and pessimists. The latter have naturally been reinforced by the confident tone of the German *communiqués*. To those who were inclined to regard the occupation of Warsaw as a heavy blow, the manner of its evacuation has proved the best guide to its meaning. The Russians thoroughly stripped the Polish city before leaving it. So far as we know, all they left of importance was the great library—a graceful recognition of their enemy's cultivated habits. But the essential feature of the operation is the character of the Russian retreat. That will almost certainly be numbered among the great achievements of military history. In the perspective of time the sacrifice of Warsaw will never be reckoned so significant as the fact that for over three weeks it was held by an army critically deficient in equipment, against the blows of an assailant superior in every mechanical adjunct of fighting power. As the fury of the German attacks persisted and increased, the sympathetic spectator could not fail to fear lest the enemy should join hands across the neck of the Warsaw salient, and supersede Sedan in the standards of military enterprise. The success of the Grand Duke in so far extricating his armies in perfect order has so clearly disappointed the Germans that they have been betrayed into admitting much that it is to their advantage to conceal.

Several writers in a particular section of the daily press of this country have been engaged for some time in painting the phantom millions which Germany will shortly be able to withdraw from the Eastern theatre to fling against the lines in the West. The calculation was a considerable asset on the German side. It was therefore natural for them to encourage a view which could only debilitate our own *moral*. But if it was a true one, why should they endeavor to buy permission to withdraw their troops from the Eastern front? The German peace tender to Russia, indirect as it is, is an admission that, in spite of the German advance in Galicia, in Poland, and in Courland, the Russian power is still unbroken. We do not buy off the enemy we can beat off. But, instructive as this is, it is not nearly so

* Quoted by Mr. Fayle, in "The Great Settlement."

interesting as the general bewilderment of the German press. Take Major Moraht. His *post mortem* in the "Tageblatt" upon the Russian offensive and defensive attributed its failure to deficiency in material, particularly "rifles and machine guns." A few days later he opens a quite different autopsy. This time he feels that it was not lack of munitions or men. It was the bankrupt "strategy of the Grand Duke," and the demoralization of the Russian armies. The critic proves his thesis by deduction, when nothing in the world is easier to prove by observation, if it exists. Nevertheless this army, beaten by so many things—lack of munitions, *moral*, leadership—is proclaimed still, unaccountably, in the field. "What we are aiming at is the defeat of the Russians." That was the day before the occupation of Warsaw.

The last view of Major Moraht is of course the truth, usefully admitted by a military critic of the enemy, that the Germans are not aiming at the temporary possession of this or that place, or at the privilege of holding a long line of fortifications from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier. The one aim of the Germanic armies is, if we may repeat it once and for all, the *immobilization* of the Russian armies. And the situation shows more clearly than before that they seek to achieve this by actual defeat of the armies in the field, by envelopment of a serious proportion of the total force, or by destroying the cohesion of the line or of several of its parts; "to put them out of action," as Major Moraht says. At this moment it seems almost certain that they do not mean to immobilize the Russian forces by entrenching some formidable line and holding it with fewer troops while they engage the others elsewhere. There are numerous reasons which establish this conclusion. The Germans are already, on the Warsaw front, two days' march east of the Vistula. Further south, they have been east of the river for nearly two months. In the extreme north they threaten to turn the Niemen, which is the northern section of the Bug line, almost immediately. Vilna is being evacuated. This does not necessarily mean that it will fall. Riga has been largely evacuated; but the latest news from that quarter seems to show that the Russians have administered a check to the German advance. Yet to the south, the Germans seem to have crossed the Sventa, and to be pressing south-east towards Vilna, on the Warsaw-Petrograd line. It is a dangerous threat; but the danger is not wholly on the Russian side. The German line at this point makes a pronounced salient towards the east; the line, in fact, must be a point of anxiety while Kovno holds out. Yet the fact that the German armies undertake the risk seems to indicate that they mean to harass the Russian retreat as much as possible, as the step to a conclusive victory. It is natural; but it is worth emphasizing as one of the many signs that the Germans realize to the full the nature of their task in the East.

A recent estimate of the German forces in the field and their distribution presses this conclusion home. According to the military critic of the "Times," there are on the Russian front at this moment about a million and a-quarter Germans and about half a million Austrians. The estimate wants reliability, since, in

distributing a total force in the field of 4,000,000 Germans it allows for 1,000,000 communication troops. It seems hardly likely that so large a force of trained men would be sacrificed from the firing lines in so critical a time by a staff which has given years to the consideration of military problems. But, even if we admit that there are two and a-half millions of Germans and Austrians on the Eastern front, we are driven to certain important conclusions. If the past year, or the past three months—to face the worst—furnish any guide to the future, the Germans will hardly be able to draw any considerable force from the Eastern front for service elsewhere. Unless they can secure a decision against the Russians it is highly improbable that they will be able to withdraw any troops at all. The Russians, fighting under incredible handicaps—the lack of rifles and machine guns, according to Major Moraht; the lack of artillery and shells, according to Prince Ruprecht—have not only retreated in order before a superbly equipped enemy, but also have contrived all the time to keep up their *rôle* in the allied scheme, engaging and killing as many of the enemy as possible. Reliable critics estimated the Germanic forces in Galicia alone, at the beginning of May, as equal to those which are now said to hold the whole Eastern Front. When we inquire what has become of the others—when we imagine what has become of the other twenty-two divisions which were reported even quite recently upon this front—we ask Villon's question, "Where are last winter's snows?" No gain in territory can make up for the German losses; no gain in territory, therefore, can enable Germany to transfer any formidable forces to the Western Front.

Yet it would be as unwise to exaggerate the importance of the indications we have noted as to ignore them. They should serve to encourage and stimulate. But the end is not yet, and if the past has taught us anything of the Germans it is that in them desperation is shown by increasing violence and not by weakening. There is a psychological bias in favor of the forlorn hope. It is only in mania a man puts forth his full strength; and it is the same with armies. Yet, for all that, we can now be nearly certain that the Germans have shot their bolt against Russia and have failed, and, what is more, that they recognize they have failed. The Russian armies will probably retreat just as far as is necessary to equalize conditions with the enemy. There may still be days when we shall see important towns abandoned to the Germans. It is then we should remember how, at one of the most significant moments of their advance, the Germans, in face of an enemy who refused to be beaten, discredited their own achievement against him.

AMERICA AND EUROPE'S VICTOR.

At this and every juncture of the war has arisen the question—What is to be America's part in it? To most Englishmen America still seems, both geographically and politically, remote from the great European conflict, and the matters which threaten at times to bring her in seem merely consequential and insulated to the main contentions of the war. It will, therefore, come as a surprise to readers of Dr. Roland

Usher's book ("Pan-Americanism") to learn how vitally the future safety, independence, and prosperity of the United States are thought to mingle in the struggle between England and Germany.

If America were by nature and development disposed for economic and political isolation, the twenty-two Republics of the Continent being capable of drawing together into a voluntary self-sufficing federation for commerce and for defence, and strong enough to bid defiance to the powerful outsider, the issue of the present war might be regarded with comparative indifference. But this voluntary Pan-Americanism is shown by a most convincing array of arguments to be impracticable. There exist no such bonds of economic mutuality, of language, institutions, culture, community of feeling, as are needed for any effective form of political federation. Commercial intercourse on the part of South America with Great Britain and with Germany is far quicker, larger, better established, and more profitable than with the United States. The trade routes across the Atlantic are more numerous and better, the ships that carry this trade are exclusively European, the commercial transactions are completed by exchange on London, and English and German banks conduct virtually the whole finance. Finally, the trade between South America and Europe stands on a basis of greater necessity and gain than that between South America and the United States. Nor are the political and social difficulties, of which race is the core, less destructive of any real extension of the federal idea, so as to convert the continents of North and South America into a great Staaten-Bund.

These speculations may appear remote from the issue of the war, until we approach Dr. Usher's interpretation of the war itself. More important than the struggles for nationality or autonomy, which figure so prominently in the land conflict, seems the issue of the control of the seas. For upon the control of the seas depends the economic security and prosperity of the great antagonists in the near future. Germany's challenge to England's naval supremacy arose from the growing belief in the necessity of providing expanding markets for her manufactures. Colonial empire was grasped at, partly as a means of securing these markets, partly in order to maintain the fighting strength of the nation by directing emigration within the Empire. The temporary result of Germany's naval challenge to England has been to give the United States the control of American waters, Japan the control of the Pacific, by a withdrawal of England's naval forces into her home waters. A signal victory for either navy must, Dr. Usher argues, definitely worsen the situation for the United States. For the great prize of the future is the trade and development of South America, and the victor in the European struggle will use the ocean according to his will, in order to fasten his economic power on South America.

This commercial and capitalistic control, even if not accompanied by attempts at political annexation, will be a direct challenge to the economic and political independence of the United States. It may not, he holds, actually threaten the security of her dominions.

But it would involve none the less a genuine diminution of her "independence," *i.e.*, "the unassailable right of every nation to control the factors essential to its territorial integrity, its economic prosperity, and its international status." Though Pan-Americanism is an impossibility, the vital interests of the United States require that it shall secure its "independence" by control of the American seas, and an "international status" which will give her a fair share of the future exploitation of South America. If Germany were to win at sea, she would certainly challenge this "independence" in the near future. But Dr. Usher thinks that, if England crushed the naval power of Germany and resumed the rule of the sea she held through last century, the United States could not afford to return to this position, in view of the growing importance of her needs for foreign markets, especially in South America. Doubtless, in times of peace, England's control of the sea has been mild and inoffensive. But the suggestion is that war develops restraints to national self-respect and is injurious to trade. So the United States stands at the parting of the ways. Her present armaments are expensive futilities. If she decides against positive disarmament, she must equip herself without delay with naval and military forces commensurate with the needs of her situation. "Until we are free from the English merchant fleet and from the control of all the approaches to the Western Hemisphere by the English navy, we shall not be able to act in foreign affairs contrary to the policies and interests of the sea-power without immediately entailing upon ourselves an economic crisis of the first magnitude." An adequate mercantile marine, a system of international exchange in the hands of American bankers, and lastly, "the control of the ocean highways by the United States' fleet, so that our contact with Europe and the Mediterranean, our control of the Panama Canal, our trade in South America, and our commerce with the Far East and the Islands of the East, is assured beyond peradventure"—such are the "pre-requisites of independence."

Now, we are far from being believers in the "inevitable clash," and we are not convinced that any vital interests whatever of the United States would be jeopardized by the restitution of the "rule of the sea" to Great Britain. But we recognize that after the experiences of this war Americans may not be disposed to take risks. In that we may have to face an American call on us, as part of the great settlement, to promote a large reduction of naval armaments, and to abate our powers to make sea-law and to impose it on neutral Powers in times of need. Otherwise a section of public opinion in the United States may drive that nation along the path of navalism and militarism which the demands of economic internationalism and her political status as a world-power seem to require. This makes it the more urgent that the United States should take an important part in the European settlement, and that we should fairly consider the new fact that England is not the only nation whose economic existence and prosperity depend upon the free use of the sea.

A London Diary.

At last, thank heaven, the Allies have got down to bed-rock with the Bulgarian question. Macedonia and guarantees, guarantees and Macedonia, are the two indispensable props of Bulgarian intervention. Serbia objects; yes, she objects, *pro formâ*, and doubtless, too, at heart. But how does real diplomacy meet her objection; how, in fact, does she expect it to be met? By the obvious points that only if the Entente wins does she get Bosnia-Herzegovina and a passage to the sea; that without such a win she will never retain Macedonia; that Germany's policy in the Balkans is a pro-Turkish, pro-Austrian policy; and that a *speedy* surrender of the Straits (an eventual fall is now looked for with some confidence) is the shortest road to the defeat of that policy. No one supposes that Serbia follows that argument willingly. But there is really no flaw in it; and if it is now pressed energetically it is because her veto really jeopardises so much to such little purpose. Bulgaria's attitude is doubtless not exactly winning. But it has been quite straightforward. She always tried—in London as well as in Sofia—for what she has asked to-day. She has never promised intervention for a smaller end. And she knows that the key is in her hands, more than in those of any other of the Balkan States.

THE German confession of the failure of the submarine crusade is a surprise, but not the news of that failure. Possibly the Germans are just able to maintain this arm; but not to strengthen it, least of all to divert our sea-supplies through it. Nor is Captain Persius's praise of our seamanship excessive. The Navy has not astonished its organisers; it has merely revealed the resource and adaptability they knew it to possess. The devices used against the submarines are of its devising; they have been wonderfully clever, varied, and successful, almost completely so against the smaller boats. They cannot, of course, be mentioned; but their effect has been, I think, to make the daring captains and crews of the submarines more afraid of our Navy and what it can do than is the Navy of the submarines. When the war began there was one chief foe of these vessels. Now there are many, as dark and elusive as they. A great secret sea-war has been carried on, much to our advantage.

THE late Madame Villari's achievements as a writer have been chronicled; not so fully the great merit of her translations. Her husband's "Life of Savonarola" is a very noble piece of historical writing, composed with more enthusiasm for its subject than the balanced, though always finely appreciative life of Machiavelli. And how admirable is the English rendering! Madame Villari's translations of her husband's work were by no means her only service to her country. She was for many years a leader of the British colony in Florence, always numerous and powerful, and associated from time to time with famous and interesting personalities. These societies have done more than anything else to sustain the Anglo-Italian sympathies to which Garibaldian times gave birth, and to prepare for their full renewal in the war of

this year. Madame Villari was one of the most charming members of the group in Florence and the most devoted to the land of her birth.

I HAVE small recollection of the later literary work of Maarten Maartens. It was his earlier writing, notably "God's Fool," which appeared to me and others, who thought it a relief from the English productions of those dreary years, and saw an almost novel touch of poetry in its realism, and of realism in its poetry. The author, too, was sympathetic; a very handsome man, of fine deliberate manners, and with strong English attachments and sympathies. These declined with the Boer war; indeed, Maartens was one of many of our more refined foreign admirers whom that event estranged. I doubt, indeed, whether afterwards he was much seen in London, though he retained his club memberships. Our spiritual and intellectual damages in that period were indeed, great, but they were recovered with surprising ease when the policy of self-government was set on foot. Many literary friendships were thus dissolved; many, too, were re-knit later.

I NOTE in Sir Robertson Nicoll's interesting story of the jubilee of the New York "Nation," a slight misdescription of Lord Bryce's association with it. If I am not mistaken, Lord Bryce was for some years its London correspondent, whose work went back to the many English folk who insistently took the "Nation" because they thought its literary and political standards were the highest reached by any English-written weekly. Sir Robertson Nicoll calls its writing "cynical." I should prefer to use the word "cool." For, indeed, the fire of the truth-seeker lay well beneath the unimpassioned, almost adjectiveless writing of the "Nation." But the surface was that of the intellectual judge; not of the man who, like the characteristic writer of the old "Saturday," despised his times and the men and ideas that mostly governed them.

SCENE, a French hospital, with two adjacent beds, one occupied by a French soldier, the other by a German. The latter wept bitterly, and would not be quiet. "What's he crying about?" the former asked the nurse, with a jerk of his head towards his unloved neighbor. "He's weeping for his country," replied the nurse. "Ah, le cochon, il pleure sa sale patrie"! was the unsympathetic retort.

FROM a correspondent, a Doctor of Physic, who has spent seven years in North and South Germany:—

"Many thanks for your letter, with all its news, especially your ideas about the Germans and their ignorance. Yes, that is, indeed, the bottom of the whole trouble. It seems almost impossible to make them understand and convey to them the truth and the position they have brought themselves in the eyes of all nations by their atrocious acts. The women of Germany, though, apparently are beginning to gain some knowledge of the true state of affairs, and I am not at all sure that it will not be from them that the first revolutionary movement will come. The German Government appears afraid to touch them, knowing what happened in England when the women started defying the Government."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

ON TRIBAL GODS.

It is a poorly-equipped nation which omits to keep some militant saint or dead hero in the last line of its reserves. He generally sleeps in the basement of a castle, and wakes in the hour of need. We have ourselves heard Greek soldiers describe the deeds of two celestial horsemen who duly appeared in the late war against the Bulgars, and led King Constantine's forces in their hot rush up the Struma valley. Some called them St. Demetrius and St. George, others, more sophisticated, said a word of thanks to the Heavenly Twins, though the more usual and orthodox employment for Castor and Pollux is, we believe, in the naval division. We listened languidly, for we had always associated the Tyndarids with humaner performances than that Greek campaign in Macedonia. Very much more circumstantial was the narrative of a Serbian officer, complete enough to satisfy the Society for Psychical Research, in dates, times, place-names and all the other trivialities which are the easiest to invent. It happened at the taking of Prilep, a strong place to which some of the least demoralized of the Turkish troops had retired after the battle of Kumanovo. The Serbs had decided to approach it with caution, and the most stringent orders were issued for a gradual and prudent attack. To his scandal and alarm this officer found that there was no holding back his men. They disdained cover, and would not listen to "Halt!" When at length the place was taken in an impetuous rush with but slight losses, his men made their excuses and explanations. They had been obeying orders all the time, and following a heroic and conspicuous leader. They had all seen his gigantic figure, and his presence had on them a magnetic effect which caused them to turn a deaf ear to the commands of any mere regimental officer. The triumphant leader was, of course, Marco Kralievitch, the national hero of the Serbs, and his appearance was only what one might expect, for Prilep was his native place. The story was duly told to the staff, and accepted by them as an adequate excuse for the failure to enforce orders. If any sceptical reader doubts this tale, we can only plead that we have summarized it, to the best of our recollection, from the signed narrative of the officer in question. His name was Petrovitch or Jovanovitch, which is as good in those parts as Smith or Jones in these, and his rank was a major's. The tale itself is, after all, neither so queer nor so incredible as the process by which Marco became a national hero. He was very far from being a good patriot, and his most stirring exploits were performed in the service of the Sultan. In these matters, however, it hardly lies with us to be critical, for did not our St. George make his sovereigns by selling supplies to the Roman legions? *Sic itur ad astra*.

Everyone has heard ere this of the parallel miracle which distinguished the British retreat from Mons. Dr. Horton and Bishop Welldon have preached about it, and Sir Joseph Compton Rickett, on behalf of the Free Churches, has declared his belief. It is almost, though not quite, as well authenticated as the passage of the Russians over our railways last autumn. One may read full details in "Light," "The Occult Review," and (with more reserve) in the "Church Times." An English nurse heard the story from a wounded British soldier in a French hospital, and lest one should suppose that he professed a "fancy religion," we are informed that he was a Wesleyan Methodist and a Lancashire Fusilier. He saw St. George coming out of a yellow mist, and

dealing with the enemy exactly as he does with the dragon on the coins, and, as commonly happens on these occasions, everyone else saw him too. An artilleryman gave full corroboration, and the only trifling discrepancy was that he supplied the saint with golden armor, and insisted that he was bareheaded—an equipment which would cause his authenticity to be doubted across the counter. The reports vary as to the saint's armament, but there is no doubt at all about the effect of his intervention; he put the enemy to an ignominious flight.

For our part, we suspect that this tale has gained something in the telling. We can quite believe that the Wesleyan Fusilier saw "an angel" at Mons, but did he really identify him with St. George? When a Greek evzone tells us that he saw Hagio Dimitri or Yorghis in battle, we fully believe him. These saints are a part of his daily life. Their eikons stand in the corner of his living-room at home, and he has lit the lamp before them from infancy. They prance on the screen of his village church, and if one has the measles in infancy, and can afford to pay the priest's fee, one fetches their eikon from the nearest monastery, and the disease is invariably vanquished. But no Wesleyan chapel ever painted a Saint George on its bare walls, and when a Wesleyan infant has measles his parents do not invoke the Saint. A Cretan fisherman in a storm will hold a dialogue with the queen of the nereids, and assure her that "Alexander lives and reigns," whereupon the storm duly subsides. A Serb peasant has recited poems and listened to legends about Marco Kralievitch from his earliest childhood. When we are told that the Maid of Orleans has been seen in the French ranks, this also is seemly and altogether probable. The Maid is a living presence, and of late years the Gallican Church has done its duty by her. But can it be truthfully said that we have done much to earn the assistance of St. George? In our milder moments we swear by him. We put him on our sovereigns. But in spite of this rather misleading evidence, will anyone claim that he is a vital fact in our daily lives? We should incline to doubt whether either Bishop Welldon or Dr. Horton ever preached a sermon about him before this war broke out. To be sure, this evidence is not conclusive. Did not Pan fight in the ranks at Marathon, "goat-thigh to greaved-thigh?" And yet, as he remarked to Pheidippides—he had been much neglected—"Athens, she only rears me no fane."

We confess to a doubt whether Saint George is really a living figure in the mythology of Tommy Atkins. The tale wears, to our minds, a suspicious literary dress. We do not doubt that the companions of Cortes saw Saint James at their head when they fell upon the half-armed Mexicans. It was their habit to call upon his name, and some of them may even have gone on pilgrimage to his shrine at Compostella. To-day our children erect their "grottoes" to him in London streets, but they have quite forgotten that their shells are his emblem. It is traditionally correct that an English soldier should see Saint George in battle. But does he look for him? Is the necessary psychological condition of expectation really present? It is quite possible that Mr. Arthur Machen's guess may be correct. He claims to be the innocent author of this vision. At the end of August he wrote for the "Evening News" a little tale, half-whimsical, half-sentimental, and wholly invented, in which he described how a soldier in the trenches saw a persistent picture of St. George in his mind's eye, thought of the appropriate motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*, and was presently aware that a ghostly legion of old English archers were shooting down the Germans by tens of thousands. It was plainly a literary man's

fancy, too artificial, we should have thought, to have touched the plain man's heart. But it had a notable success, and clergymen took to re-printing it in parish magazines. One of them was even simple enough to ask him for the "evidence." It is probable enough that the lady in France was influenced by this story when she reported the soldier's experience. But Mr. Machen is altogether too summary when he concludes that this coincidence disposes of the myth. He may have helped the lady to interpret her soldier's evidence. He may have prepared the soldier to see what he saw. He may even have hinted to the Saint himself that some service was expected of him. But legends really are not to be dismissed in this fashion. How many minds does Mr. Machen suppose that it takes to see a vision? Visions are essentially collective phenomena. If any soldier told us that he alone and unaided had seen Saint George, we should call him roundly a liar. With the help of a literary man and a sympathetic lady, the thing at once becomes probable.

There has, on the whole, been singularly little originality in our dealings with tribal gods on the Allied side in this war. Saint George and Joan of Arc (and the corresponding Russian saints seen on the Narew front) are merely what one expects from armies which really have added little among them to the peculiar arts of modern war. It is not our *métier*. It must be frankly confessed that all the fresh thinking in this war has been done by the enemy. His gas, his flame-projectors, his dealings with passenger-ships, betray a mind that has boldly thrown aside the conventions. He has approached this matter of the tribal god with his usual system, and his device shows all his familiar power of organization. Visions are chancy things, and if one took to calling up saint against saint, who knows how the event would turn? We should have thought, for our part, that it was risky enough to put Saint George and The Maid into the field together. What the Germans have done is to mobilize prayer to the tribal god on a really national scale. We will not go so far as to say that their "Gott strafe England" was exactly an original conception. There were elements of a similar organization in Joshua's battle against the Amalekites, when Aaron and Hur held up the arms of Moses. The Tibetan praying-wheels are in some respects an even better-conceived device. But as usual, it is the thorough organization which constitutes the element of originality in this German invention. What other people would have thought of inscribing its prayer to its tribal god on coal briquettes, coat-buttons, and picture-postcards? We may be prejudiced, but to our thinking, the idea lacks grace. It is not a plastic conception. It calls up no image, and leaves too wide a latitude to the tribal god. What, in detail, is he to do? How much more impressive and convincing was the "Deus afflavit" of our own Armada legend? The mass appeal, the importunity, the continual repetition of the same demand—all this is sound psychology. The three sharp words are good, and make just the kind of impression that an astute advertiser will attempt to produce. But "strafe" is altogether too indefinite. Let us not be unduly pessimistic. The German effort shows method, but a deficient æsthetic sense. The sounder course is not to innovate, when one deals with tribal gods.

WORDS AS CHARLATANS.

WAR provides opportunity for the charlatan, who flourishes hugely on the vacuum created by the fact that so many serious men are too busy working to talk; so that his

criticism of Governments, or his facile suggestions for ensuring immediate victory, sound noisily in the silence. And war also provides opportunity for the creation of a kind of broth of sloppy thinking, in which catchwords and phrases take the place of real things, become detached from real things, and enter upon a kind of queer, tenuous life of their own; no one having either time or patience to prick these bubbles of definition.

Such phrases everywhere abound to-day. Take, for example, the phrase "Mobilization of all the resources of the nation." A few weeks ago whole groups of newspapers were demanding that the Government should "mobilize all the resources of the nation" for the operations of war. Yet, on analysis, the phrase is found to be without any kind of meaning whatever; whether good or bad, desirable or undesirable. Readers of Stevenson will remember how Pinkerton, seeking in the dictionary how to spell hexagonal, lighted on the word hebdomadary. "You're a boss word," was his delighted comment. "Before you're very much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself." And "Pinkerton's Hebdomadary Picnics" was the result. So we can imagine some orator or scribe lighting on "mobilization" with similar enthusiasm; and launching his phrase on an astonished world. The only conceivable meaning of such a phrase—and that meaning could only be given to it by liberal translation—would be the construction of a rigorous system of State Socialism in which every industry and occupation would be taken over by an all-wise bureaucracy, and each man placed in the position for which he was best fitted and paid wages suitable to the work thus allotted to him. But not even the maddest State Socialist would even dream that such a change could be effected under half a century of preparation or in the midst of a great war. And those who are most glib in the use of such a phrase are the first to repudiate the idea that, for example, some Heaven-inspired bureaucrat should decide which of the journalists who criticize the Government of the day would be better "mobilized" by sorting cotton waste, or which of the elderly gentlemen now living uneasily on precarious savings should be compulsorily employed in the maintenance of England's export trade in coal or bottled beer. A Government "entrusting to every citizen his allotted task" is still demanded by those who believe pathetically that the replies to the present "National Register" will enable all square men to be fitted into square holes, and all round men into round ones. But those who are familiar with the capacities of the average citizen to wrestle with the amazing conundrums asked them, the capacities of an improvised staff to wrestle with the chaos of undigested matter which it will receive, and the capacities of any Government—composed, if you like, of Moltkes and Napoleons fused together—to utilize with any profit to the nation the bulk of such rubbish, will wonder why we have allowed words and phrases to overcome realities and detach so much energy from the really serious business before us. That business is to make war with our armed forces and to make munitions of war with everyone who can actively assist in their manufacture. The "organization" or mobilization of charwomen and school-girls might profitably be left to a more convenient season.

But the blessed word "mobilization" has so much attraction for certain minds, that it has spread from the material to the spiritual sphere. We are invited to "mobilize the spiritual forces of the nation." And once more the expression appears to convey no more meaning than the scrawlings of a child upon the seashore.

The only explanation that appears possible is that the tactics of concentrated artillery fire should be applied in the region of the spirit: and that prayers for victory, if simultaneously expressed by men and women of all denominations at once, are more likely to be effectual than the isolated battering of "deaf heaven" with "bootless cries" of individual souls. It may be doubted if by such methods substantial success can be assured.

Another catch-phrase lately much in use is "National Service." Compulsory national military training, or compulsory national military service are quite intelligible ideals, and can be advocated or opposed in intelligible arguments. But what is the meaning of "National Service," as apart from military service, so glibly used to-day? Practically the whole population of England, except those engaged in fighting or in preparing themselves for fighting, are engaged on work which they perform, more or less efficiently, for prolonged hours of well over the average working day. The overwhelming bulk of their wives, mothers, and daughters are engaged, when not in similar wage-earning toil, in making comforts or garments for personal relations and friends in the armies, or for some of the multifarious Relief Funds which are so generously supported up and down the country. If "National Service" has any meaning, here is a whole nation occupied in "National Service" as no nation has ever been occupied before. But yet the writers and speakers who use this obscure phrase are dancing in a kind of fury and despair round the resolute laboring people, urging them to "adopt" National Service! What can they "adopt" that they have not adopted already? The strength of the agitation seems ultimately to resolve itself into the quite natural impatience of a section of the non-wage-earning classes, above military age or unfit for military service, to "do something" for the welfare of their country in its day of trial. "Why does not the Government tell us exactly what to do, and how to do it?" is the complaint of this praiseworthy class. To which the answer is that the "Government" is too much pre-occupied with the tremendous decisions which such a conflict as this daily demands, to divert its attention to finding work to do for the elderly unemployed of the middle and upper classes. If they can use a typewriter, or sew socks for soldiers, or plant potatoes on unoccupied spaces of land, their energies may safely be defined as expended in "National Service"; otherwise there is really little for them to do but to give as little trouble as possible to those who are engaged in the desperate work of war.

Or again, to pass to quite a different range of ideas, how much we have heard lately of the war being the death of the "politician" or the death of the "party politician"; how after the war, all the debasing influence of "party politics" will vanish like a dream. The little groups of intellectuals, who, from outside the quaint jolly scrimmage of the British election which is so congenial to the British mind, demand the "abolition of politicians," or of "party politicians," are using words devoid of meaning. A politician is merely an individual who takes some practical share in public affairs. He may be a lawyer. He may be a linen-draper. Every nation, from Iceland to Patagonia, if it is governed at all, and not mere anarchy, has its politicians to govern it. Some may have too many lawyers, some too many linendrapers. You may change the occupations of your rulers. But rulers (of some kind) remain. And the same is true of "party." A Party is merely an association of these inevitable politicians, designed to promote certain ends; and (once more) from Iceland to Patagonia, every Elected Chamber, and even every oligarchy or tyranny,

must consist of "Parties." To talk about "the abolition of the Party System" is to talk nonsense. You may have too few parties. To abolish, for example, a two-party system is a rational ideal. You may have too many parties, until each man is almost a party to himself. But "Party Politicians" you can no more abolish than you can abolish fathers of families or mothers of children. The British Parliament has four parties; between China and California there may be assemblies which have four hundred. Party remains. It remains so long as there are realities behind the mere desire for a career which any politician may legitimately possess. If these realities do not exist, "party politics" become discredited; but the discredit is due to the absence of effort and belief, not to the presence of Party. These same intellectuals are wrong, therefore, in saying that "Party Politics" in this country were becoming more and more "discredited." They were becoming more and more bitter, because they were becoming more and more real; because people were more and more caring for the things which were being accomplished. And a system which, by granting Home Rule to Ireland, saved the British Empire from irrevocable ruin at the moment of its most desperate fight for existence, is not a system lightly to be dismissed by vague and meaningless phrases.

No; let us all be on our guard against these high-sounding statements, the charlatans of the intellectual life; and especially on our guard when war is crashing into our homes the vision of bloodshed and outrage, and the experience of irretrievable loss and longing. Let us get down, as Thoreau advised us, through all this mud of word-making and the worship of phrases, to the bed-rock facts of reality; to what life means while the war is waging; to what life may mean for humanity and our people, when war is done. We shall find ourselves returning in such a process more and more to simple things, to the great common experiences of the common people; to some such simple expressions as those with which Lincoln cheered and stimulated his people in the darkest days of their fortune. "Thanks to all—for the great Republic: for the principle it lives by and keeps alive: for man's vast future—thanks to all!" Or the unforgettable ending of the Second Inaugural—with an ideal never more needed than to-day—"with malice toward none: with charity for all: with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds: to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan: to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Short Studies.

THE SATYR.

(TRANSLATED BY A. G. JAYNE.)

At the foot of Olympus, the holy mount, the dwelling of the gods, were great forests, and into these had come a satyr, whom no one knew. Here he lived, here he revelled among the branches. Who was he? No one knew, not Flora, nor Vesper, nor even Aurora, who surely knows everything, because she stands over each eye that wakens from its dream, and then betrays itself. The rose-bush had never heard of him; it was useless to inquire up in the nests; the breeze that ruffled the grass had no idea. The leaves only shook themselves.

But they all feared him. At all times, by day and by night, he behaved himself as though he were drunken. Even the Bacchantes fled before him. The wood-nymphs hid in the caves, the echo built himself in, up in his

mountain-hall. The dryads hardly dared to venture forth. If they tried, when all was quiet, to look at their reflections in the water, and the least brightness showed from them—whisk! that shaggy dreamer was upon them! He sat on the watch behind the trees, where they overshadowed the lake, to see whether a naiad would not somewhere flash under the water like a star that had taken woman's shape. His yearning, sparkling eyes roamed around in the night like a flame. He was even after the flowers, poor, unoffending things. The laburnum did not stand safe, the poppy could not get him to sleep. In May he was worst of all. Scent and song intoxicated him, he rolled in the grass; he made so merry with the lilies and the myrtles that the thistles, which were not asked to join, snapped at him. He behaved so, that both the thrush and the magpie thought it shameful, and proclaimed it over the whole forest. When there was a drought, and the river-goddesses had no more on them than a thin gauze, every time they wished to go and fill their jars with rain they were in deadly fear of meeting that impudent fellow with the horns. One day Psyche, the high goddess, was down there to bathe. What did she see but his yellow eyes behind the leafage? He even had the impudence to stare at the Ideal! For wherever the bird flies, the goat will climb.

But that was the end of it. The goddess complained, and Hercules came down after him. He took him in his innermost hiding place, dragged him out by the ear, and up to Jupiter.

The satyr stood on the mount that blossoms eternally; he saw the ladder which, in unending light, led up into heaven itself. There he stood, with his goat's foot soiled with earth, but in a blissful ravishment of perfume and sight and sound before that heavenly loveliness and purity. Then he shivered! But he was given no time, he was dragged on upwards, ever upwards! At last he stood upon the threshold of the limitless hall of sunbeams and lightning, whence the sovereign commands of Jupiter issue forth. He looked up at the Pleiades; here they seemed to be close at hand. The sun's chariot was just starting out. Heaven shook at the awakening; the gates sprang wide with a mighty clang in the splendors of dawn. Behind them was a dreadful globe of only eyes: the chariot of the sun. The arms of the god who drove shone, the trappings of the horses shone, as they stood on their hind legs and impatiently claved darkness from light with their forefeet. From their manes ran glittering streams of pearls, diamonds, sapphires.

The heaven, the day which was rising and spreading itself forth, the earth which was vanishing, all that was so sublime, so blessed, so pure . . . the satyr went on through it, his goat's hoofs trod holes in the light, his animal monstrosity was hideous and heavy here above the golden clouds; but forward he must go, for Hercules still held him tight by his long ear.

Suddenly the shaggy fellow had to stoop and hide himself: it was as if a curtain split asunder, and upon him streamed light, light so overwhelmingly infinite, that it hurt him, and forced him to his knees. Before him were the deathless gods in their eternal bliss. Invisible even when they were seen, for the unfathomable dazzles. Farthest forward was Venus. In supernatural loveliness, without garment or covering, she lay there softly, as though in white floating foam, surrounded with light. The light was the splendor from the eyes and the desires which rested upon her. The sea seemed to surge in her hair. Jupiter sat with his foot upon the eagle. In his eyes the world could be seen pictured. In one was the world which was; in the other, the world to come. Behind him appeared Cupid, as though made of sunbeams.

Heavenly music, melodious and full of gladness, swelled around the high gods. Everywhere the eye rested upon festive splendor; for the heaven mirrored the beauty of the gods. The world sang their praises, because they were its overlords. The animals loved the bows of the gods which dealt out death to them; men invited their mortal spears. If there were any who met them with hate, the hate turned into lyres beneath the feet of the gods.

Here Hercules loosed his hold on the satyr, and gave

him a push forward. He stood there, a shaggy figure, with his hair straight out, black, hideous, and yet with something of fire in his look. At the sight of him a burst of laughter rose, so joyous and hearty that it reached the stars. A giant lying chained to the mountain hard by lifted his head and said: "What crime are the holy ones up to now, I wonder?" Jupiter was the one who laughed first; Neptune laughed so much that there was a gale; an incalculable amount of property perished in it, but he could not stop. Venus turned her head and asked what this thing might be? Diana involuntarily reached for an arrow out of her quiver. The doves closed their eyes; the peacocks drew themselves up and screamed angrily. The goddesses laughed as all women will. When the satyr caught sight of them he looked unmoved from one to another . . . from one to another . . . and strode off towards Venus. But her white feet dazzled him, so he stopped short. Then the whole company of the gods fell into such a fit of laughter that Diana's hounds down on Oeta began to bark. The deathless gods bent towards the deathless goddesses, and said nothing.

Now the voice of Jupiter is heard: "You deserved to be stiffened into marble, or to be washed away like a flood, or stretched out like a tree. But you have given us glad laughter. You shall return to the whispering wood by the lake. Sing us first a wild-beast's song. Olympus listens.

Goatsfoot answered: "Hercules . . . Hercules trod on my reed-pipe and broke it. Without that it is no use"—"Here!" said Mercury, and threw him his own.

The poor wood-demon was accustomed to be in the shade. He crept away, and sat down by himself to collect his dreams. Then he tried the reed-pipe. At the first curious trills the eagle looked up. The eagle was the only one who had not laughed. Then followed the song—sorrowful, heavy-hearted. It was heard down on the earth. The beasts round about Olympus and down in the ravines, with their horns pushed through the branches—among them the hind with her deep eyes—they stretched forward their necks, and pricked their ears. To the slow rhythm the trees below commenced to sway: the cedar, the stone-pine, and the elm began to murmur in time; the brown-leaved oak-trees grew graver than ever. The wolf made a sign to the tiger to stand quiet.

Soon the faun knew no more whom he sang for, nor where he was.

He sang the song of the Earth. Concerning her origin he sang. Then he came also to sing of the great volcanoes which now slumber beneath the seas and the lakes, and dream of the rocks which once formed their helms, and of the pillars of fire which were their plumes. He sang of the smouldering mountains beneath the ice. Concerning the worm's subterranean labor he sang. But all this merely as a prelude. . . . It was the forest that he wished to get on to; the forest was what he knew best. He sang of the glorious trees which rummage in the Earth-ball with their roots—those dreadful roots like curved necks with beaks, which gape over the black depths, bore down into the shadow to drink. According to the air, the place, the season, the trees then tender it to heaven as incense or spit it out as poison. What does the earth care what becomes of it? The earth collects, she brings forth continually; all things satisfy their hunger at her breasts. The trees are jaws which work well; they devour rain, air, wind, night, death: all is good. Rottenness lies round them and nourishes them. The trees transform everything, even sand and clay. Down there, where the roots are at work, a battle is going on; for predatory roots are about. The satyr accompanied the combat down into the darkness of Existence, a combat as of mighty spirits remote from the light.

As this song unfolded, chains seemed to fall away from him. The words fell from his lips with freedom, they became winged. "The mountain," he sang, "the great witness, rises above the ceaseless combat in the earth and upon it. The bald mountain suspects the great Secret through the clouds and night. Its age-long, quiet visage searches out the wild deeps, and looks into the true heaven—which the gods of Olympus know not! Those primeval sages, the mountains, seek to lay hold

upon the naked Thing. They explore chaste and austere Nature to find its causes. Yet will there remain something which no one can solve, not even they."

The satyr's eyes were closed; his fingers clasped and unclasped the flute; then he cast it from him. The sweat rolled down his brow like water from a rope when it is drawn out of the sea. The beasts from below had come up: horned heads and wild eyes appeared in the æther.

Apollo spoke: "Will you have my lyre?"

"Yes," answered he, and took it. He seemed to awaken, and looked about him; but his look was still full of dreams about the morning of things.

"He is beautiful after all!" said Venus. "Is it—is it Antæus?" Vulcan asked Hercules. But he wished to be left in peace to hear more.

The satyr clasped the lyre, and at once he was far away again. He knew not where he was; he knew not for whom he sang.

He sang the song of Man. "Man is earth, which would climb up to heaven. Man has been hurled back and overawed. The satyr did not name Prometheus; but the stolen fire glittered in his eye as he sang Man's fight against evil kings and selfish gods. In this fight Man has become terrible. Who can wonder at that! When a mountain is hurled upon the live-coal of the Man-spirit, he spews lava. Even now the Man-spirit is half-stuck in chaos, is only half-drawn out of the mire. Under your rule, O gods! Even now Man is fighting hard against the elements, with the soil, with the plague, with the bounds which the seas have set. Matter drags him down, it is almost his fate; for it rouses his passion. Even now one human horde hurls itself upon another, each under its king.

"But the day will come, O gods, when Man will saddle the elements, and ride with them forth to freedom! Then he will lord it over those who to-day are his despots. Under the ash I hear the fire; in the acorn I see the oak. The overawed Man will arise and go like a demon through the flames, through forests, rivers, mountains, air, with a torch lighted at the same fire as the stars. He will say to matter, 'Take wings!' and to the boundaries, 'Ye are not!' Who knows whether he may not some day cast off the weight, the impure garment with which Dust overloads his thought? Who knows whether this earthworm may not yet spread his wings in the heavens? Rise up, spirit of Man, rebel! Build your path around the light, join in with the great chorus, loose the yoke of sin, become Humanity, the glorious triad: man, child, and woman! Change continually into spirit, take to yourself sunshine, a winged body, a godlike brow! Let it lift you upon the throne! And when you are there, then cast the goat's-feet down into the night whence they came."

Here he paused. And, like a head that rises out of the torrent, he drew breath. He was now quite another creature; the dismayed gods looked at Jupiter, who sat gloomily foreboding.

But the satyr continued: "Gods, ye have subjected the world of reality without understanding it. Blue Olympus, the misty underworld, temples, groves, forests, cities, eagles—they come and they go. There is something which remains—something above all this which no one has ever known, nor ever shall know, though all dream thereof. The future will reveal more, the unceasing conquests of the Man-spirit will remove the deep gulf which separates to-day. Give place to the Man-spirit! Let it have freedom! Everywhere light, everywhere genius!"

While he stood and sang thus, he had become greater than Polyphemus, greater than Typhon, greater than the Titan, greater than Athos, and the space around him had grown dark. It was no man any more, it was a landscape—from sea to mountain, from mountain to sky. The beasts, whose curious eyes lately appeared in the æther, now went about quietly in the landscapes, and grazed. His two horns were two vast peaks, and the lyre against his breast was a great river which dashed from waterfall to waterfall down towards the sea.

"Who are you?" asked Jupiter.

"I am Pan!"

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Present-Day Problems.

PRESS CONTROL IN WAR TIME.

III.

WITHOUT going into too great detail, brief allusion may here be made to some of the many minor sources of information, which are carefully collated by every General Staff in time of war, and from which much may be gleaned as to the state of readiness, stations, destinations, and organization of new formations and troops held in reserve. There are, for instance, accounts of farewell receptions given to corps before departure to the front, also of inspection parades, such as frequently appear in obscure provincial journals, advertisements by ladies or friends of particular units, asking others to send comforts for the men, the incidental mention of the existence and whereabouts of brigades and divisions as being billeted in certain rural districts, advertisements for recruits to join corps in process of formation, even advertisements for the services of mess cooks may betray to the enemy the existence of corps of which he was before in ignorance. Of such details our Press affords far too many examples. Those who doubt the harm which may be done by such means would find an interesting exposition of the methods by which such information is utilized in an article which appeared, translated from the Russian, in the "Recent Publications of Military Interest," by the General Staff, War Office, July, 1910. The article is a piece of fiction, published as an object lesson by a Russian military writer, to demonstrate the harm done by the Press in publishing such matter. The examples given are, however, taken from actual news items and advertisements which appeared in Russian newspapers of the dates quoted. An imaginary correspondence between a Japanese Staff Officer at the front in Manchuria and another acting as intelligence agent in Copenhagen is given, in which the latter is made to say: "Meanwhile here I sit, over 3,000 miles from the seat of war, and study the condition of Linievich's Army day by day with the greatest exactitude, with the help of Russian newspapers." Just so might a German Staff Officer in Rotterdam write to another in Berlin or France to-day; for if our newspapers fortunately do not afford much information to the enemy on the condition of Sir John French's army in the field, they contain all too much on the subject of the new armies now training in England, the preparation of colonial contingents, and so forth.

Much harm may also be done by the publication of information regarding the routes followed by enemy aircraft when carrying out raids, allusions to bombs having been dropped on or near objects of military value, such as ammunition factories, explosive stores, bridges, forts, and the counter-measures taken in this country. Such items are just what the enemy wants to enable him to treat such raids as valuable reconnaissances, and to tabulate data showing him the best method of conducting a real aerial offensive.

Similarly much information may be drawn by an astute enemy from too early publication of casualty lists. Delay in publishing casualty lists may also be due to another cause when hard-fought battles are being lost and won. These struggles now last for many days at a time, and units are frequently so heavily engaged that no opportunity occurs for calling the roll, making up returns, inquiries as to where individuals were last seen, and all the heavy labour entailed by the making up of such lists. When hard fighting is in progress, it is impossible for officers to attend to anything but the business in hand,

and even when action ceases, the duties of reprovisioning and equipping their men, seeing to the safety of the wounded, have claims on the remaining energies of weary officers, which must be attended to before the making up of casualty lists can be taken in hand. Lastly, the lists must be carefully checked, and the bereaved informed privately before a public announcement can be made. Editors who demand prompt publication of these lists might well reflect on these considerations before condemning the censorship for withholding them. To the public, whose anxiety in such matters is entitled to all our sympathy, one can only repeat a saying common in the French Army in the dark days of August: "We soldiers have no fear of the result if only the civilians will hold out."

Lastly, allusion must also be made to obituary notices, stating that certain persons of certain regiments fell at such and such a place. Place names should always be rigidly banned from such notices, as though in a hundred cases the publication may be harmless, in the hundred and first such a publication may, as von der Goltz says, furnish just one link of a chain, which leads on to a conclusion.

On the converse side it may be said that the Press of our enemies is so strictly controlled and the importance of details is so well understood by writers on military subjects and editors in Germany, that the labors of our officers engaged in collating information are largely barren of result. Some results are, of course, obtained from the Press and many other sources, but for information of importance it is useless to search the enemy Press, and the stream of minor information is but a tiny trickle. Would that the same could be said of our Press.

Apart from the conveyance of information, there is another matter of which the Press should beware. The publication of any matters which tend to harm the reputation of our army and navy or those of our Allies is instantly seized upon, and twisted by the enemy Press to show their own people and the neutrals the "rotteness" of our services. Such reports may do much to encourage the spirits of the enemy, and at times have important effects in their bearing on the minds of neutrals. Thus, isolated cases of desertion, drunkenness, or riotous behavior, such as occur in any large body of men, are twisted to make the British Army appear as a lot of beggars, devoid of discipline or dignity, who only enlist to escape starvation, and run away when they get the chance. However ridiculous such inferences appear in the eyes of those who know the British Army, the extraordinary credulity of neutral populations in time of war must not be forgotten, nor the effects which in the mass such reports may have in encouraging possible adherents to the enemy cause, and the discouragement of possible future allies of our own. Only those who have seen the evil at work can estimate the mischief caused to the Allies by German distortion of British Press reports in Sweden, Roumania, and other countries. Fortunately for ourselves, the German methods of warfare have largely defeated the results obtained in their Press campaign.

An influential London paper was recently discussing the settlement to be arrived at at a future Peace Congress. Speaking of Afghanistan, the editor remarked that since Russia and Great Britain were now on amicable terms, Afghanistan might well be partitioned out between the two countries, as the need for a buffer state no longer existed. The editor is doubtless not aware that the Amir of Afghanistan has his own Press Bureau, which translates for his benefit extracts from European papers bearing on his kingdom. Could anything be imagined more calculated to assist the machinations of the German

and Turkish agents, who are now striving their utmost to induce the fanatical Afghans to rise against the British and Russian "yoke"? Such statements, lightly thrown off by an editor of a London journal may, at a time like the present, furnish the spark to set the whole Indian frontier in a blaze.

Above all, statements which tend to sow dissension and ill-feeling between ourselves and our Allies should be most carefully avoided. Some ill-chosen remarks by a London magistrate, in sentencing a Belgian rowdy, were recently reported, according to British newspaper custom, in the usual police court reports. These are, of course, promptly seized upon by the enemy Press, which represents England as being sick of entertaining Belgian refugees, and reminds its readers how they have to separate British from Belgian prisoners of war owing to their mutual hatred (this invention was started by them very early in the war, and is reproduced with variations at every possible opportunity). Amusing to us who know, but often repeated, and with "examples" quoted from the British Press, these little things have their effect on the neutral mind, and add to the depression of the unfortunate Belgians in the occupied territory.

It is necessary, therefore, for every editor to be his own censor in such small matters, as he is already to a great extent in big. In these minor matters, which could never render him liable to punishment under the Defence of the Realm regulations, an editor should strive to publish nothing which may cause dissension among the Allies or give the enemy an opportunity for doing so.

The best witnesses in favor of proper Press control in time of war are journalists, as they at least cannot be accused of suffering from prejudice against the Press. The editor of the "Morning Post," in the lecture above referred to, said: "There can be little doubt that the public would readily acquiesce in almost any restrictions after a month or six weeks of a campaign, for they would by that time have realized the enormous importance of keeping secret the operations of war."

The following passage may be quoted from a letter by an Australian Press representative now with the forces operating at the Dardanelles, which appeared in Melbourne journals of April 18th. The writer quotes the classical example of a miscarriage of military plans furnished by the betrayal of the Austrian concentration on the River Bistritz in 1866 to the Prussian commander by means of a telegram published in a Vienna newspaper and repeated thence *via* London to Berlin. The writer then proceeds: "No one wishes any plans that the British Government may make to miscarry in that sort of manner. Even in these letters it is obvious that the most interesting things must often be the things it would not be wise to write. Not that they would necessarily assist an enemy; but the chance that a single son, or brother, or father from the many anxious homes in Australia should be imperilled, if by any possibility a careless word did assist the enemy, is not one which any man would care to take."

As Mr. Gwynne said, after a few months of war, the public must realize the supreme necessity from a military point of view, for a rigid control of the Press in time of war. As matters stand, the control of the Press in this country is by no means rigid. We have nothing to compare with the absolute control of the Press exercised in the German Empire, a control which enabled them to deliver the sudden smashing blows at Tannenberg, on the East Prussian frontier, before Warsaw, and just recently in Western Galicia, with forces concentrated before the enemy's front in perfect secrecy. Our system throws almost the whole responsibility of censorship on the editor himself. So far this system has worked, on

the whole, satisfactorily. It would not be possible in any country in which the Press were not entirely patriotic; but, as has been shown above, it has its dangers. On the other hand, it has its peculiar advantages as being naturally suited to the national spirit, and it interferes practically not at all with the most important function of the Press in time of war, namely, to mould public opinion, to sustain the public spirit, to educate the public mind to understand the necessity for sacrifice and hardship, and to represent the cause of this country in its most favorable light before the neutral. It is therefore to be hoped that campaigns such as have been inaugurated by the "Globe," which wrote on May 7th: "The Government must be made to realize the immeasurable harm which the policy of secrecy is doing," will meet with scant hearing from intelligent opinion in the country. While the constant preoccupation of the British commanders in the field is the too great licence of the Press, it is hardly the time to talk of increasing that liberty. The public has to choose between the inconvenience of late news, in some cases of no news, or the doubtful blessing of early news for friend and foe alike, which will in due course bring the all-too-early and unwelcome news of disaster for ourselves and our Allies.

The injury which might be done to the country by an attack such as that inaugurated by the "Daily Mail" against the War Minister in time of war, is too obvious to be worthy of much comment. The condemnation which this attack has brought upon the delinquent paper from its contemporaries of all shades of opinion, as well as from many public bodies, is a welcome proof of the state of public opinion as a whole in such matters. But it constitutes a lapse from the tone of pure patriotism hitherto maintained by the Press as a body, especially as the nature of the attack, and the distortion of facts to suit its own purpose, suggest it as being due to personal sentiments. That this has been recognized by public opinion in this country does not detract from the harm which such an attack must do to the prestige of this country abroad. It has to be conceded with deep regret that one section of the Press, and that a very important and influential one, has fallen away and proved itself unworthy of the trust reposed in the Press of the country by the Government when framing its legislation for war control. How much greater, then, the need for more rigid enforcement of the powers taken under that legislation, which it has been the object of this paper, written before the unmasking of the Harmsworth batteries, to prove.

TIERCEL.

[We again reserve our full judgment on the important statement which we have thought it right to print.—ED., THE NATION.]

Letters to the Editor.

"THE INTERNATIONAL MIND."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I make a few comments upon Mr. Woolf's review of my little book "Towards International Government"? Mr. Woolf charges me with wanting a quick change instead of being content with "the slow but sure method." The charge is true. But some slow changes are neither sure nor safe. Mr. Woolf's metaphors are of "building" and "growing," both normally slow processes, though even they can be quickened when the need is great. My metaphors are different. When a man suddenly wakes

up to find his room on fire his movements are not slow, and if they were they would not be safe. When the nations discover that their house is tumbling about their ears, they may similarly find it possible to "get a move on." These building and growing metaphors are always worked in the interests of an unsafe conservatism. The important changes in human conduct, individual or collective, do not normally proceed by slow, insensible movements; there is in them an element of the catastrophic. This, as biologists now recognize, is no violation of the law of continuity. When gradual changes have made an organic structure unstable, there comes a moment when a sudden, large mutation is required, and is achieved.

Now, my contention is that, after this war is over, there will be among all the nations an insistent demand for international relations that afford a reasonable prospect of permanent peace. In order that this may be attained, I hold that large, rapid organic changes will be necessary. Small tentative experiments in the way of mutual guarantees, by states reserving their complete independence and their final right of war, will not suffice to give the sense of security that nations will need. Nothing short of a representative international government, involving a definite diminution of the sovereign rights of the separate states, will suffice. Whether nations and governments will, in fact, be able to take so large a step towards security at once will depend upon their "state of mind" after the war. Now I suggest that this state of mind may be favorable to this possibility. There may be spread broadcast over Europe what the old theologians would have called "a realising sense of sin." Peoples that have suddenly become aware that they are rushing down a steep road to perdition may be enabled by the conscious exercise of will to effect a sudden "right-about" movement. Psychology recognizes such "sudden conversions." If the sense of need generates the will the deed is possible, and violates no law of social evolution.

Then, as to "the international mind" and "the international machinery." An "immature" international mind would not, Mr. Woolf thinks, be competent to work such advanced machinery as I suggest. But he makes, or greatly magnifies, the difficulty by using the term "machinery" to convey those governmental arrangements which mainly consist of the thoughts, desires, and aims of the persons who are called upon to work them. International government is not a mechanism but a spiritual structure, and if there is enough of the international mind in existence to make this structure there is enough to use it. I do not, of course, assume that in the beginning of this international experiment the international mind exists "in full bloom." Far from it. I only suggest that this mind, this conscious co-operation, may be strong enough to maintain in being the league of nations and gradually to grow in strength and grace. But, in order to do so, I hold that it must draw its spiritual support from the pacific will of the peoples, and not rely merely upon the improved conduct of diplomatists and foreign ministers. Mr. Woolf states, reverting to his "building" metaphor, we have got to begin our democratic reforms "at the bottom." I hold that the democratic spirit must be made to flow simultaneously in all our local, national, and international arrangements, if we are anywhere to have security and progress. Self-government must permeate the whole of conduct, if it is to be effective, and to leave to the antiquated, undemocratic arts of diplomacy the control of the early experiments in international government would be a suicidal policy. This progress towards international government is not a slow, blind, groping growth. To present to itself a fairly complete ideal is the best way for the international mind to quicken and mature its growth, hastening the very process of education on which Mr. Woolf relies. When the purpose of this growth is realized, and the growth thus becomes a conscious process, it is no longer subject to the same limitations which retard the pace of unconscious growth. My appeal is to the "free-will" of the peoples.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. HOBSON.

Hampstead, August 8th, 1915.

[We shall be glad to open our columns to a discussion of the points of material and form which Mr. Hobson suggests.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE GOD IN



BIRTH.

THE MACHINE.



DEATH.

DEMOCRACY AND IDEAS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is not the essential thesis of democracy that there is a nobility and dignity in man which demands that he shall not even be saved except by his own choice? If this be so, the formal end of democracy is to secure the individual and not the general good, or the general good only in so far as it advances the individual good. That this is not merely a logical distinction may be appreciated from the fact that a reason advanced by a small section of the community against their participation in the war is that their lot could be no worse and would possibly be better under German rule. And the very fact that such a state of mind can exist is evidence of the most persistent and ineradicable weakness of democracy—the factor of delay. The freedom of democracy involves the necessity to choose, and this means time. It is probably true, as Lord Haldane suggests, that democracy will be saved by ideas; but before they have any chance of reaching people they must first be chosen. Mr. Wells, in defining democracy by its effect is probably thinking of the present war, and in this regard I may remind him of the delay over the Three Years' Service Act in France. And delay is of the utmost importance when the future history of civilization may, through this purely artificial thing which we call a military victory, be merely a question of hours.

Yet, I cannot think Mr. Wells right in visualizing a considerable number of "shirkers." It is clear that voluntary recruitment means the power to refuse service; but it seems to me that the response to appeal has been so great that it is a question, even from a purely military point of view, whether the disadvantages of conscription do not for us outweigh its advantages. Apart from a very small minority, those who are liable for military service and have not yet enlisted are probably prevented by responsibilities which are, at any rate, more immediate and seem more urgent. Their refusal may mark a renunciation and not any selfishness, just as it argues no nobility on the part of a conscript to go to the front.

But is it not more reasonable to admit at once that democracy can never be as efficiently organized as an autocracy or an oligarchy. In these the choice of individuals for a rôle at least may be as their suitability, whereas in a democracy the choice being that of the individual is as to the agreeableness of the rôle. And as to war, again, is it not truer to the facts to admit that a democracy is less likely than an oligarchy to choose war and to prepare for it. If this be so, a democracy will almost always be at a disadvantage in conflict with an autocracy or an oligarchy. The factor of delay must operate; but this need not lead us to despair of democracy simply because it prefers life which is profuse and wasteful to machinery which is merely a servant after all, or because it increasingly tends to refuse to devote its noblest powers to destruction.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. O'NEILL.

The National Liberal Club.
August 12th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Haldane's article is most suggestive. More than that, it is full of truth and wise counsel for the future. I think it is fair to say, after reading it, that if Lord Haldane himself had acted according to the principles that he propounds, we should have been in better case at the present time.

May I quote his words:—"For the public did not insist that the unrest of Europe should be the foremost subject of political consideration. . . . The democracy in this country was suffering from an indisposition to reflect, and, in consequence, was not disposed to listen to the few who preached." Again, the "hesitation" (of the democracy) "arises about getting real knowledge either from its politicians or its press." And, finally, "given ideas and leadership, I have little doubt about democracy being relatively the best form of government."

Lord Haldane has told us recently of his knowledge of the impending storm. Yet he deliberately avoided making it "the foremost subject of political consideration." Instead, he whistled to keep up the nation's spirit. And, as for

"listening to the few who preached," is not Lord Haldane's example in patronising and pooh-poohing Lord Roberts a curious illustration of this point? The democracy could not gather knowledge when its leaders adopted this attitude. The democracy is all right. The leadership failed. Let us hope for better leadership in future.—Yours, &c.,

REGULAR READER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"The moral of that is 'the more there is of mine the less there is of yours.'" May Lord Haldane's impressive article on the "Potency of Ideas" in your last issue be widely read and deeply taken to heart. The more we believe in democracy the more earnestly must we desire to see its perceptions broadened and its ideas elevated—to see "the translation of the vast potential energy of democracy into kinetic energy."

This sentence is one of many in the article that suggest lines of thought which should be followed up; and the first thought that occurs on reading it is that the desirable translation is impossible so long as the potential energy is mis-directed and dissipated by a system for the establishment of which the democracy is not responsible.

While Profit is the basic principle of our industrial system it enlists nearly all the energies of workers in internecine struggles, and what, then, can be left for kinetic energy in the pursuit of high ideals?

The miners afford a concrete illustration of how the system works; how fatal it is to the social welfare, and how demoralizing to all engaged in the industry.

Lewis Carroll, in the words at the head of this letter, gives the whole thing in a nutshell. Alice (we all know her), having hazarded the guess that mustard is mineral, the Duchess answers, "Yes, I have a large mustard mine in my grounds; and the moral of that is 'the more there is of mine the less there is of yours.'" There we have it precisely. From the mine to the public a series of "interests" are concerned, and the concern of each is the absorbing question, "How can I secure more of mine and leave less of yours?"

(1) The landowner must secure as big a royalty as he can get; (2) the mine-owner must secure a huge interest on his capital; (3) the miners must secure the best wages they can get; (4) the railways must secure exorbitant profits for carriage; (5) the contractors who supply the traders in the towns must make a good thing of it; (6) the retailers must make a ring and keep prices up to the highest they can squeeze out of the public; and only then, at long last, come in the poor public, who has to pay the whole lot, with no power of making a bargain. Every one of these is thinking only of getting "more of mine"; not one is thinking of the general social welfare.

This purely selfish view is most excusable in the miners, who alone are doing the work—tiresome, joyless, and in a high degree perilous work—and who are not engaged in profit-mongering but are only struggling for a wage affording an income far too small to satisfy any of the others, who are simply buying and selling. But the pernicious effect of the system is shown in their case by the methods to which they are driven in their ceaseless, wasteful struggle with their exploiters. Limiting the output is a recognized means of self-defence, so little does social well-being count in the fighting under the profit-system.

The same is true of all the great industries, so that there can be little doubt that if we reckon all the perennial waste due to the heavy tolls taken on every article produced before it reaches the consumer, and the ruinous cost of the incessant strikes, the community suffers materially more by "Profit" than by War. But this consideration, weighty as it is, is not the one we are concerned with in connection with Lord Haldane's article.

The real curse of the whole system lies in the fact that this narrow, selfish aim which is uppermost in the minds of those who have to live by profit, i.e., by the "more of mine and less of yours" system, leaves no time or room for ideas. The Democracy has enough to do to get a decent living. With many it is an unending struggle to live at all, and in their squalid existence to talk to them of "ideas" is an impertinence. And with the average tradesman there is little more chance; he may have a fairly secure hold of the

decencies and even the comforts, of life, but his methods are destructive of all that might ennoble. His whole time is occupied in buying at so much and selling at so much more, and his energies are, and must be, directed to giving as little and getting as much as he can so as to increase his margin of profit. This is not the soil in which to plant ideas.

Co-operation, in which individual profit has no part, but in which each one can feel that he is promoting his own and his neighbours' well-being, is the only principle under which elevating ideals can flourish. The war is helping to teach us this, and if we can learn the lesson, a mighty good will have sprung from a terrible evil.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak-Tree House, Hampstead. August 10th, 1915.

WHAT IMPORTS SHOULD BE TAXED?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I so entirely agree with the earlier part of your article on "Schemes of War Taxation" that I specially regret to notice that you have misinterpreted proposals made by myself. You wrote:—

"Many of the proposals which Mr. Harold Cox and other flexible economists are urging are in themselves plausible expedients for dealing with a situation which involves not only the provision of money but the curtailment of private expenditure. By taxing foreign luxuries, such as silks, jewellery, oil, and motor cars, the peril of an adverse foreign exchange is diminished, money is brought into the Exchequer, and simple modes of living are enforced. Most of the advocates of such Customs Duties doubtless have at the back of their minds the services thus rendered to the future of a protective tariff. But were the proposals in themselves sound as emergency measures, this *arrière pensée* might be ignored. But they are not sound."

You here clearly imply that I have advocated taxes on foreign silks, jewellery, and motor-cars. I should be glad to know your authority for that suggestion. Being a "flexible economist," in exactly the same sense that you are yourself when you write: "Were the proposals in themselves sound as emergency measures this *arrière pensée* might be ignored," I gave a good deal of thought to the question of what imports might in the present emergency be taxed, and came to the conclusion that there were not very many. In an article in the "Edinburgh Review" for July I enumerated all the articles about which I felt fairly confident. They were tea, tobacco, sugar, wine, petrol, coffee, cocoa, oranges, and bananas. I may add that I am strongly opposed to a tax on foreign silks or motor-cars which did not also apply to the home-made articles. I can see no reason why the present emergency should be used for increasing the profits of particular groups of manufacturers at the expense of the public revenue. I doubt whether a tax on jewellery could be successfully collected.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD COX.

6, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.
August 9th, 1915.

HOW LONG, OH LORD!

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hear that the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" are much read at the Front, and am told that their influence is as dispiriting to the troops as a German victory a month. What the object of the proprietor of these papers can be, only he himself can tell. The fact remains that every false move we make is magnified in the columns of both "Daily Mail" and "Times," as much magnified as it could be in the German press.

I have read articles gibing at our want of preparation, sneering at the Commander-in-Chief, belittling the Government, and hinting that our Allies are dissatisfied with the efforts that this country is putting forth on our own and on their behalf.

Let us recapitulate what we actually have done. We have cleared the seas of German shipping; we have sunk the last of the German Pacific squadron; we have defended the north coast of France. We certainly saved Paris at the

time of the great German advance a year ago. We are financing several of our Allies. We are helping them with munitions. We have taken the greater part of the German colonies. We are fighting all over the world, and, lastly, in one year we have raised an army of three million men, according to the public press.

Still, the "Times" and "Daily Mail" sneer and gibe and depreciate. This is little, for only bad patriots mark them; but they do their best to discourage. Napoleon said that it is the *moral* of the soldier that counts, and that a dispirited army never won victories. If this is so, and if it is true that in Germany the dispiriting articles are read with avidity, and in the Allied countries with alarm and astonishment, is it not time for us to be doing something in our own defence?

In no country but our own would papers that depreciate the efforts of the army and the Government in time of war, be allowed to appear. Why should they be allowed here? Surely the Government cannot be afraid of a newspaper proprietor, however enterprising he be? The time has come, I venture to think, to deal pretty drastically with Lord Harmsworth, and with his whole Eisteddfod.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

August 12th, 1915.

ALL THE RUSSIAS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You quote in your last issue the words of M. Goremykin in the Duma, that "The internal policy of the Russian Empire was in future to be permeated by the principle of impartiality and benevolence in regard to all faithful Russian citizens without distinction of nationality, creed, or tongue." May I assure my English friends through the columns of your esteemed paper that this is precisely what the British friends of the Ukrainians have been expecting to be the result of the war. As a nation of well-nigh 40,000,000 people, they might consider that their distinct national character entitles them to the expense of running a state of their own. Yet the majority of them do not. For economic and political reasons it is not expected that the Ukraine could develop herself as an independent state, at least before one generation of men and women has been raised to prepare for it. But *Impartiality* will be welcome to them; *Benevolence* also. Schools where Ukrainian children may learn their own language, a free outlet allowed to the religious, literary, and artistic, peculiarities that give the Ukraine a character apart from that of Russia herself—these proofs of the Tsar's desire to become the head of an impartial and benevolent empire will be welcome, indeed. I can assure your readers that from the day when such measures are publicly announced, and enforced, all the Separatist Ukrainians who are now living in the shadow of the Wilhemstrasse will lose their hold over their countrymen. The Galician Ukrainians have a different problem before them, but I shall not attempt to study it at the present time. Please allow me to record the hope, however, that all Slav nations will benefit equally from the longed-for victory of individualism against the notion of the State-master of bodies and souls.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

22, Church Road, Barnes. August 10th, 1915.

THE PAPACY AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article in your issue of July 31st, and Mr. W. J. Randall's letter in reply to it. What he says is not very helpful.

Belgium, one of the smaller children of the Roman Church, has had her neutrality violated by, and has suffered fearful tortures at the hands of, a combination in which are included Austria and Bavaria, two children of the same Church. The Pope, the father of them all, proclaims his absolute neutrality. How can such a position be possible? Surely, in the circumstances, the father should decide who are the wrongdoers, and punish them.—Yours, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

August 11th, 1915

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The delimitation of the promise of infallibility is so technical and so large a question that I will only say that the efforts of moderate theologians to rationalize the dogma go far towards making it superfluous and meaningless. *Dolus latet in generalibus*. An infallibility which avoids particular and concrete issues, confining itself to the decision of abstract questions which no one raises, is not helpful.

Facts, however, are more conclusive than arguments; and two facts which have lately been made public are significant. The first is the curiously inopportune suspension of the process of the Canonization of Joan of Arc by the authorities of the Roman Congregation of Rites; a suspension on which, in the interests of the *union sacrée*, some of the leading Paris papers have refused to comment; the second is the frank admission of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton, in the current number of the "Dublin Review," that the key to the "neutrality" of the Vatican is the fear of precipitating a schism among German Catholics, were Rome to take a more decided line.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

August 11th, 1915.

THE FORTIETH PATHANS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If "Tiercel" were really acquainted with the subject on which he writes anonymously, he would know that my two letters to the "Times" on the conduct of the 40th Pathans followed exactly the precedents laid down by "Eye-Witness" when writing about the London Scottish and the Canadian troops in Flanders. The War Office and the Censors apparently agree that if it is virtue in "Eye-Witness" when he describes the exact place, date, and circumstances connected with the gallant fighting of the splendid Canadian and London Scottish soldiers, it cannot be wrong to describe the conduct of a regiment, whether Indian or English, that does not happen to be either kilted or from overseas—provided no place is named and the Staff work is not criticized.

Let us have one thing or the other. Either the deeds of Scottish, Irish, and Overseas regiments should be wrapped in obscurity, or equal publicity should be accorded to the heroism of English and Indian regiments. I wrote what I wrote "by request" of some of those chiefly concerned. If I have done wrong, why is it left to "Tiercel" to scold me? Neither the War Office nor the Censors suffer from diffidence, and I have not yet been hauled over the coals by either of them.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITE.

Windmill Cottage, Farnham Common, Bucks.
August 10th, 1915.

WANTED, A PATRIOT PUBLISHER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of your column "The World of Books" complained last week of a lack of enterprise in publishers, and made an appeal, which he contrived to turn into a reproach, to one of them. In his article he paid a tribute to Henry Morley as an editor, to which I, as a sort of disciple, can heartily subscribe. But, when he went on to say that "Cassell's National Library," so well edited as it was, had fallen out of print, he showed at once that publishers might have some excuse for being cautious in their doings. The lapse of a series with an editor like Henry Morley and publishers of huge experience like Messrs. Cassell behind it may serve to tell how hard it is at any time to hold the public, and so to balance one's authors—a Lucian against a Swift, a Byron against a Rossetti, the latest Russian novel against "A Spiritual Quixote"—as to keep it going and make it last. Most of the books that figure in your critic's list of omissions are already in the list of a thousand volumes drawn up long ago in "Everyman's Library"; and if it had not been for the war several of them would certainly have been printed by now. Lucian is there, Clarendon is there, Locke's "Essay on the Understanding" is there, and found long ago its expert editor; while it must be two years and more since Henry Vaughan's Poems were allotted to the care of a poet who has given the best of her life to his service. Delays cannot be avoided in a popular series that has often to meet a special demand by the educationists in one part of

the world and to adapt itself continually to the time-current; and a publisher needs to be brave and an editor wary, indeed, when a crisis like war is added to the risks. It does not help either of them to be told he is neglecting his duty to his country, or to be scolded because his scheme, when in progress, is not complete.

Your critic, in setting up his noble idea of what one may call a Patriot Publisher, only means, no doubt, to be stimulating; but he was unfair to the craft, and, naturally enough, the craft resent it. He does not trouble to think of the difficulties in the way. One cannot be as instant with an author as John Forster, Dickens's biographer, was once with a waiter; when the waiter told him there were no carrots with the boiled beef, he said, with a great air, "Let there be carrots!" How pleasant it would be if an editor could sit down in the same way and say, "Let there be a Lucian"! But, perhaps, your correspondent knows of the heaven-sent translator who will be content to be paid for his infinite labor over that satirist in the next world? As it is, he deserves thanks for suggesting Nares' Glossary. Johnson's Dictionary is another matter. Some years ago the present writer bought a copy for sixpence of the quarto edition in two volumes, whole calf, 1799, and a great boon it has proved; but the bookseller who sold it said he had other copies in his cellar which he would be glad to be rid of for nothing. One might look up "Desuetude" in it for comfort, and requote Dr. Johnson's quotation from Hale: "By the irrigation of numerous armies of barbarous people, those countries were quickly fallen off with barbarism and *desuetude* from their former civility and knowledge." *Absit omen*.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST RHYS.

Hampstead, London, N.W. August 10th, 1915.

[I could hardly be expected to know that the books I mentioned were on the future list of "Everyman's Library." The critic deals with the accomplished fact.—THE WRITER OF "THE WORLD OF BOOKS."]

LUCIAN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—To the editions of Lucian mentioned in your current issue one might add the volume of "Selections" translated by Emma James Smith and published by Harper in 1892. The text has undergone some slight curtailment in the interests of the American reader, but the versions of "The Ass," the "True History," "The Sale of Lives," and other characteristic pieces are spirited and fluent, and the whole forms an excellent introduction to the second-century Voltaire.—Yours, &c.,

J. WARSCHAUER.

The Manse, North Shields. August 9th, 1915.

GONCHAROV.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of August 7th you say, in referring to the announcement of a translation of Goncharov's "The Precipice," to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, that his work is *entirely unknown in England*. May I draw your attention to the fact that I published in 1894 this author's "A Common Story," translated by Constance Garnett, with a biographical introduction by Edmund Gosse? In looking through "A Common Story," after twenty-one years, I cannot help feeling surprised that my pioneer's work was not followed up sooner by others.—Yours, &c.,

WM. HEINEMANN.

20-21, Bedford Street, London, W.C.

August 10th, 1915.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—We notice with interest your reference to Goncharov's work in the current number of *THE NATION*. It will not remain unknown for long, for, in addition to the novel you mention, we shall be publishing almost immediately a translation by Mr. C. J. Hogarth of Goncharov's masterpiece, "Oblomov."—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.

(Stanley Unwin, Managing Director.)

Ruskin House, 40, Museum Street, London, W.C.

August 10th, 1915.

"INTERFLOW."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You were good enough in your last issue to notice briefly a book of poems published under the name "Interflow" in Constable's "New Poetry Series." I do not, of course, complain of your reviewer's contemptuous treatment of my poems; his position doubtless gives him the right to sneer at young writers. But when he attributes to me "the obsession that prose is a 'rhythmically poor' vehicle of expression," I must protest against such slovenly criticism. He appears to have glanced at the following passage from my preface (and at little else in the book):—"Essential to a poem is its rhythm, and the meaning of the poem is conveyed as much by its rhythm as by the words of which it is composed. Motion is the most expressive of languages; but it expresses states and moods, rather than ideas. For this reason, plain prose, which is rhythmically poor and deals in ideas rather than moods, is inadequate to render a true account of the world." Is there anything in the above which could fairly be described as an "obsession"? Was it honorable on your reviewer's part to omit the adjective "plain" in quoting my views? Have I said anything to deny the possibility of rhythmical prose? And what sense is there in criticism of this sort?

Your reviewer, then, having branded me with a ridiculous "obsession," goes on to denounce me for "treading the broad highway of metrical regularity" and attempting no other. It is true that I have tried to write poetry and not prose (Does your reviewer not admit the distinction, perhaps?), and that most poetry is "metrically regular." But, then, I did not anywhere set myself up as an innovator, or suggest that it was time to break, for good and all, with the splendid tradition of English poetry. (With the "Imagists" I have no concern whatever; it was a mere accident that my book appeared alongside of theirs.) None the less, if your reviewer had condescended to read my verses, he would have discovered that some of them did leave the "broad highway," and that others (successfully or no), at any rate, attempted to infuse some newness of rhythm into the old forms.

So that your reviewer, in order to damn me *ab initio*, first makes an inexcusable misrepresentation, and then an equally inexcusable misstatement. Fair criticism—a fair expression of opinion, however unfavorable—no man can resent. But against this sort of thing, in a paper of your repute, an author has the right to protest.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY C. FABER,

Sec.-Lieutenant 8th City of London.

Bisley, near Stroud.

August 10th, 1915.

MRS. MEYNELL'S POEMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to correct a printer's error in my verses last week. In the last stanza I had written "him," and the word was printed "Him." There is only one meaning in a capital letter to a pronoun, and that meaning was not mine. Something more than a mere literary mistake was thus made. Yours, &c.,

ALICE MEYNELL.

[We much regret the error.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

THREE DIRGES.

I.—AN EPITAPH.

In the Cloisters of Westminster.

JANE LISTER

Dear Childe.

COUNT the great æons—nay, who could?
Since man forsook four-footed gait,
And dug the field and stubb'd the wood,
And chang'd the herd into the state,
Then tell the years—too well you can—
That make the life of several man.

But the long ages of our kind,
Like the brief span of every one,
What are they by the unfetter'd mind
That was before our daylight shone,
And shall be when this dusty frame
Is thither scatter'd whence it came?

Dear child, nor dearer when intent
On prattle at your mother's knee
You saw event succeed event,
And flower by flower and tree by tree,
Than when you'd won, releast from clay,
The spaceless world, the timeless day,

Ah, through the lifetime left to wane,
Though fugitive as summer's rose,
Must loving hearts have weigh'd their pain
Against the hope that thought bestows,
Against the joy that memory brings
Upon its consecrated wings?

Alas, to eyes fresh-bathed in tears
The world a senseless vision seems,
And joy a ghost with mocking fleers,
And hope a phantom bred of dreams,
And we, long after, scarce coerce
Like drops as dew'd the new-made hearse.

JOHN SARGEANT.

II.—FOR COMPANY.

"'Tis a word folk have," said she, "how there does be
ever sore weeping
For the light of heart, who go from their life to their
death with laughter."
Lone stood the House, all hushed in stark silence from
threshold to rafter;
Only a bent little crone at the summons, mouse-paced,
came creeping.

"Laughing he was, Master Shawn, with the lads that last
minute, they say:
Laughing he'd be, sure enough, with the Squire, they
two, here in the hall.
Yon's his cap I hung nigh the poor Master's, that's
desolate left with it all,
Just for company like," she said. But between, ah,
the void Deep lay.

JANE BARLOW.

III.—DARK BEFORE DAWN.

Black are the skies overhead,
We see no token or sign,
Numberless are the dead,
Wormwood is all our wine,
Because of the salt tears shed,
Sweet waters are turned to brine.

The minstrels make no mirth,
Shepherd and vinedressers flee,
Desolate lies the earth,
There are no sails on the sea;
The earth is in pain with the birth
Of bitterest things to be.

Break through the dark, the heavy dark,
The deathly dark of night,
Diluculum, diluculum,
Dear dawn of our Delight.

Break through the dark and show to us
The hidden Heart of fire,
Diluculum, diluculum,
Dear dawn of our Desire.

Break through the dark and scatter far
All evil dreams away,
Diluculum, diluculum,
Dear dawn of our new Day.

R. L. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Nationalism and War in the Near East." By A Diplomatist. (Oxford. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Diplomacy of the War." By Ellery C. Stowell. (Houghton Mifflin. \$5.00 net.)
 "The World in Conflict." By L. T. Hobhouse. (Unwin. 1s. net.)
 "Of Human Bondage." By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 6s.)

I REFERRED last week to a dictionary which, together with Johnson's, is one of "Everyman's" sins of omission—Robert Nares' Glossary (1822). I had the good fortune to come across the first and solitary edition of this invaluable repository of disused Elizabethan words on an East End bookstall. The biographies, encyclopædias, and books of reference have nothing whatever to say about this beneficent scholar, who, since practically every word contained in his quarto glossary has passed out of currency, bears, like Atlas, the weight of an entire language on his shoulders. He was obviously a man of almost incredible industry (he has quarried a vast number of quotations, the originals of many of which are lost to the language). He was, too, one conjectures, a man of no humor, little imagination, and of a sceptical turn of mind. To Minshew's derivation of "gallimawfry," for instance, as a fry made for the maws (i.e., mouths) of slaves in the galleys, he replied, with impenetrable gravity, "But this is mere stuff." And he never seems to be æsthetically penetrated by the wonders, rarities, and beauties of the delightful world in which he wanders. His dedication to the king throws another light on his character:—

"Under the auspices of Your Majesty, as Prince Regent, the former glory (i.e., of Elizabeth's reign) has been far surpassed; and, of the latter, the most sanguine Expectations are fully authorized, by what is already known of the Talents, Taste, and Beneficence of King George the Fourth"—and so on.

Over such a dedication it is only decent to draw the veil.

To quote one in a hundred of the rich, mellow, and eclectic words (like old port) which are collected in the Glossary, would need the space of a small volume. One can only pick out a few of the more delectable at haphazard. "Mumpsimus," for instance. It means "an old error in which men obstinately persevere." A story is supposed to have been told about it by Henry VIII. According to him, the word is taken from an ignorant monk, who, in his breviary, had always said "mumpsimus," instead of "sumpsimus," and, on being told of his mistake, said it might be so for all he knew, but "mumpsimus" was what he was taught, and that he should continue to say it. Latimer uses the word in his "Sermons"—"Some be so obstinate in their old *mumpsimus*, that they cannot abide the true doctrine of God." "Muckinder," again, was a jocular term for a handkerchief, with an obvious derivation. Ben Jonson uses it:—"Be of good comfort, take my *muckinder*, and dry thine eyes."

THE Renaissance was a great and glorious age for finding terms of abuse for your enemy. Take "hoddie-peke," "a ludicrous term of reproach, generally equivalent to fool." It is, perhaps, derived from "hodmandod," which means a snail. It is used by Nash, Latimer, and in "Gammer Gurton's Needle." "Peeter" was a slang term for wine (Dekker says "a pottle of Greek wine"), which was abbreviated from "Peter-see-me," a term presumably which implied adulteration. So Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"By old claret I charge thee,
 By canary I charge thee,
 By Britain, metheglin, and *peeter*
 Appear and answer me in *meeter*."

"Ephesians," again (used in Henry IV.), is a slang term for a toper. Steevens says that is merely a "sounding" word, like "anthropophaginian," to "astonish Simple." Whether or no it is derived from the widow of Ephesus, who so speedily consoled herself, I do not know. "Flapso" and "Flibbergibbe" (a sycophant) are exceedingly rare terms of

invective, which have not only dropped clear out of the language, but are, I think, only used once each in the whole range of English literature, the former by Brome and the latter by Latimer in his, shall we say, racy "Sermons." "Fustilarian" is as good as a blow, and "lungis," according to Minshew, "a slimme slow-back, a dreaming gangrill, a tall and dull slangam, that hath no making to his height nor wit to his making," is still better. Lastly, does anyone but the etymologist know that "giambeux" (from old French *gambeux*) means "boots"? It was borrowed by Spencer from Chaucer's "Rime of Sir Topas."

BUT it is far more exciting to trace the meanings of words which still cling precariously to the present. "Coster-monger" is well rooted in tradition. It is derived, of course, from "costard (custard)-monger," a seller of apples. From that its meaning was extended to sharper and brawler, so much so that old Morose, in "Epicoene," is said to swoon at the voice of one. "Apple-squire," another word for the same thing, had a still more unworthy connotation. "Zany" is interesting. Florio says that "it is the name of John in some parts of Lombardy, but commonly used for a *silly John*, a simple fellow, a servile drudge, a foolish clowne, in any comedy or enterlude play." More probably it is a corruption of Giovanni. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, derives it from "Sanese," a native of Siena, or, in other words, a fool! "Piccadilly," again, once the name of a famous ordinary built by one Higgins, a tailor, has a splendid longevity. It comes from "Piccadell" (Dutch—"Pickdillekens"), meaning a piece set round the edge of a garment, generally the collar. "Picots" (the same word), borders with little projections or turrets, are, I believe, fashionable to-day. "Tooth-pick," which Nares calls "this common and necessary implement," was more commonly "Pick-tooth," and was imported by travellers from Italy and France. It was frequently displayed as a trophy or to mark an affected gentility, in the hat! Sir Thomas Overbury so arraigns a gallant in the pink of fashion:—"If you find him not heere, you shall find him in Paules, with a *pick-tooth* in his hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking."

TO my pleasure, I think I have discovered, through Nares, the derivation of the slang "tout," from the verb to "tout"—to pry or search. The tradesmen of Tunbridge Wells were wont to hunt out their customers on the road, on their arrival. Hence they were called "tooters." "They are now, I believe," says Nares, in all innocence, "above such practices." They come more surely to the door instead! Dr. Johnson gives the same explanation for "tooters," and adds, that Derbyshire beans are said to "toot" or to "look up sharp." Skeat gives "project" from the Danish "toethoran." "Tout" and "toot" are still used, I believe, in country dialect, to express the upward thrust of sprouting vegetables. "Giggle," again, comes apparently from the Shakespearean "giglot" or "giglet" ("Measure for Measure"), and means a minx, a hussy, or "wanton wench." Fortune is a "giglet" in Cymbeline. I wonder whether "jig" in the nursery rhyme of Robin Redbreast is the same word—"out upon you, fie upon you, bold-faced jig." "Bullion" is curious. In the old sense it meant copper-plate set on the bridles of horses for display. Then, colloquially, it was a synonym for copper lace, tassels, or imitation gold ornaments. Then, in a still more debased form, it meant the finery used by shabby gamblers to attract the ingenuous.

"FAST and Loose" has been handed down direct from the coneycatchers. It was "a cheating game, whereby gipsies and other vagrants beguiled the common people of their money," and under its own name or its alternative, "pricking at the belt or girdle," flourished well on into the nineteenth century. "Cat's-cradle" is derived, I fancy, from "cratch" (French—*crèche*), a cradle. There was an old game called "scratch-cradle," in which a packthread was wound double round the hands into the rude semblance of a manger. "Cot-Quean," which still faintly survives in dialect, is probably "cock-quean," or a male *quean*, a man "who troubles himself with female affairs." Ben Jonson and Addison use it in the sense of a *masculine hussy*, and, in the seventeenth century its common meaning was a hen-pecked husband!

Reviews.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR.

"The Political Economy of War." By F. W. HIRST.
(Dent. 5s. net.)

WAR is in its actual procedure, a literal reversal of political economy. For it involves the destruction of the wealth of nations, the stoppage of commercial and financial intercourse, and the decimation of the working populations. But this economy of destruction submits the course of industry, trade, and finance to so many necessities of adjustment that it seems strange to find that no one has forestalled Mr. F. W. Hirst in his title "The Political Economy of War." No man is better qualified, by historical learning and by close contact with the large movements of modern business life, to survey and to bring into ordered relation the bearings of war upon the economic life of nations. Every great war is apt to cancel both the past and the future, and to concentrate attention upon the immediate moving spectacle. This is a de-rationalizing process which goes far to explain the magnitude and number of the errors and miscalculations which to calmer retrospection seem so obvious. One might even go so far as to think that if the study of the economics of war as here presented had been part of the common education of the statesmen of Europe, neither this nor any other war would be possible. Not, of course, that economic causes and consequences are the sole or always the main factors to consider, but that a clear understanding of the economic havoc wrought by past wars would do more than anything else to dispel the chief illusion from which war-makers suffer, viz., the conviction that their war differs in its essence from other wars, and that the damages and disasters which were formerly permitted to occur can in their case be mitigated or avoided:—

"A comprehensive comparison," says Mr. Hirst, "of the actual product of wars with the declarations and promises that accompanied their outbreak would be a work of inestimable value; for the warning voice of history is too seldom heard contrasting the pretexes and occasions that provoke hostilities with their conclusions and consequences."

Much of Mr. Hirst's book is an excellently documented commentary upon the famous lines of Lucan:—

"Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempora fœnus,
Et concussa fides, et multis utile bellum."

All the worst habits and impulses of business life have freer and more profitable play when states rid themselves of the ordinary dictates of prudence and lay out sums of unconsidered and unchecked magnitude on sudden novel methods of expenditure. In his chapters upon the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the later wars with France, Mr. Hirst gives rich and varied illustrations of the recklessness of statesmen, the greed and corruptions of financiers and contractors, and the poverty and misery which resulted from each plunge into barbarism. There is no rhetoric in his narrative, nothing but a closely-packed register of facts and contemporary judgments. But the cumulative effort is overwhelming. Here, for example, is his thumbnail picture of England after the glory of Waterloo:—

"Forthwith, the hugely inflated prices of commodities gave way. The speculators fell into panic. Within two years 240 banks stopped payment in Great Britain. The gold standard was soon resumed: but it took many years to restore the national credit. The 600 millions added to the debt was capital withdrawn from employment and a perpetual mortgage on the industry of the nation. The Poor Law broke down under a load of pauperism. Parishes went bankrupt, and for more than twenty years the misery of the working classes, both in town and country, passed description. Twenty years after the war seven and eight shillings a week was an ordinary wage in the South of England. In the towns there were periodical famines through want of employment."

A large portion of this book is devoted to the national finance of wars, the preparatory stage of armaments, the provision for the current requirements of war, and the treatment of the legacies of debt. We hear from time to time

a good deal of discussion on the question whether modern wars are more costly than former wars, relatively to the greater wealth of recent times. But there is little profit in these debates. For it is tolerably clear that every great war is as expensive as it can be, that is to say, each combatant strains his economic resources to the utmost. History shows each year of war as a prodigal son spending in riotous living the proceeds of many years of industrious peace. But it has not been until recent years that war preparations in time of peace have shown a constant tendency to advance more rapidly than the general body of wealth or of public revenue. If the contents of the remarkable tables in which Mr. Hirst sets out the growth of expenditure on the part of all the Great Powers in military and naval armaments since 1890 had been properly digested, the inevitability of an early war would, perhaps, have been more apparent. In a summary of recent revelations of "the trade in armaments," exhibiting "the fraternal unity in which the great cosmopolitan manufacturers of man-destroying machinery lived and wrought right up to the awful moment in August, 1914," we get an informing glimpse into one aspect of the economics of war.

In one respect, both in Great Britain and in other countries, the course of the last century has shown a degeneration of finance. The tendency has been to draw a smaller proportion of the cost out of current taxation, and to put a larger proportion upon posterity by expensive borrowing. During the last period of the French wars a really remarkable effort was made by the nation. Of the period between 1806 and 1815 we are told:—

"The average annual expenses of war and government during this decade, together with the interest on the debt contracted before 1793 were nearly 66 millions; but the average annual revenue from taxes reached nearly 64 millions, so that the real deficiency, which had fallen from 15½ millions to 18½ millions in the second period, had now sunk to the almost insignificant sum of 2 millions a year. Now the annual interest on the old debt contracted before 1793 amounted to 9½ millions, so that in the last decade, with the aid of Pitt's income-tax, Great Britain for ten years actually raised 7 millions a year more than the combined cost of administration and war."

Even in the next great war, the Crimean, the net addition to the debt was only 42 millions, or little more than half the cost. From this fairly satisfactory level the Boer War showed a deep descent, for "although Great Britain in 1899 was, perhaps, better able to pay 240 than it was in 1854 to pay 70 millions, the ratio of war borrowing to taxes was much worse." Yet even then a substantial portion of the cost, some 90 millions, was raised out of current revenue, while 160 millions was added to the National Debt. In the present war these principles of sound finance have up to the present been disregarded. While something like 1,000 millions have already been borrowed, not more than 65 millions have been raised by fresh taxation. Yet it must not be forgotten that nearly the whole of the borrowed money lay within the country, a surplus over and above the needs of its owners, and therefore capable of being taken by taxation in an emergency.

After a perusal of the full and erudite chapters giving the history of the war debts in the leading European countries and the United States, readers will turn with heightened interest to the necessarily more speculative part which treats of the present war, in its effects on credit, exchange and commerce, and of the methods of financing it which have so far been employed. In a later edition of his book we hope that Mr. Hirst will be able to fill in much that is here lacking, and give us a fuller description of the modes of "Mobilizing Assets" employed by the different Continental countries in order to avoid taxation and to facilitate borrowing. We should also like a more detailed analysis of the actual operations of war loans in relation to the processes of economy and saving, and a discussion of their effects in causing inflation of currency. Taking the definitely financial treatment, Mr. Hirst seems to us to have devoted too little attention to the disorganization and adjustments in our industries caused by war, and to the important effects upon the size and distribution of the real and the money income of the nation. But he has given us so much of value that we ought not to complain.

"THE BLAST OF WAR."

- "Sing-Songs of the War." By MAURICE HEWLETT. (The Poetry Bookshop. 6d. net.)
 "The Winnowing Fan: Poems on the Great War." By LAWRENCE BINYON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
 "The World's Greatest War: A Poem." By S. J. FIELD. (Shakespeare Press. 6d. net.)
 "For Belgium." By WILFRID BLAIR. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)
 "War Harvest, 1914." By ARTHUR K. SABIN. (The Temple Sheen Press. 6d. net.)
 "Cleared for Action." By HOWARD STEELE. (Unwin. 1s. net.)
 "Poems of War and Peace." By S. GERTRUDE FORD. (Erskine MacDonald. 1s. net.)
 "War Poems." (*Times* Supplement, August 9th.)

WHAT, precisely, is the matter with our war poets? Why is it that men who have acquired some reputation in contemporary letters will turn to a receptive press and write in such a strain that "Good-bye, Piccadilly" sounds spontaneous carolling beside it? There must be some reason for eccentricities such as "We bit them in the Bight" and others. Is it that they have walked so long in the sequestered vales of peace that the tramp of war has caught them, amateurs, with their loins ungirded? Has the present war so completely destroyed the romance and chivalry of arms that our poets, when they do ruffle into print, resemble Thraso and Pistol rather than Mars? Do they write these cacophonies out of a sense of duty? Not only does the Muse hide her diminished head, but the soldiers themselves—the targets of their volleys—prefer, out of a sound and true æsthetic sense, "Who's your lady friend?"

Here, for instance, are a couple of specimens from Mr. Hewlett:—

"What waist would shun th' indenture
Of such a gallant squeeze?
What girl's heart not dare venture
The hot-and-cold disease?"

Or:—

"And we have cruisers wunderschnell,
Whose valor there's no curbin'.
They was like greyhounds from ein leash
When they work up their turbine,
The sailor mused, 'Perhaps,' said he,
'You're talking of the "Goeben"?'"

Observe the rhymes "curbin'," "turbine," and "Goeben." In another place, Mr. Hewlett fails to keep his lines disciplined to the proper stress and the proper number of feet:—

"But one and all will down tools
And up with gun and sword
To make a stand for Freedom
Against the War Lord."

And Mr. Hewlett is a craftsman, and has been writing verses for years! One cannot criticize such work; one cannot, confronted by the whole, even point to a specific blemish. But, at least, let us, in a spirit of resignation, suggest to the author of "Rest Harrow" and "Richard Yea-and-Nay" that colloquial Cockney is hardly his most appropriate medium:—

"The Belgian he says Easy!
And holds him up a spell.
Treachery! cries the Emperor,
'This people is from hell.'"

Mr. Binyon, even though he rhymes "desire on" with "iron," is not so stimulating as Mr. Hewlett. He prefers the swamps of bathos to the crags of rhodomontade:—

"Now in the thunder-hour of fate
Each one is kinder to his mate;
The surly smile; the hard forbear;
There's help and hope for all to share."

But a certain respect for the decencies of technique withholds him from the more interesting excesses. In the "Ode for September," indeed, he seems to be half-conscious that the war-poet may fulfil an artistic purpose through other methods than by imitating the action of a tiger. But, after a prelude in which "agonies of conflict," "lightnings that murdered," "earth smokes and cities burn," "old serpents hiss from dungeons of the mind," and "Fury of hate born blind," suggest some sense of verisimilitude, he re-echoes the sentiments of certain publicists and prelates, who are

convinced that every Englishman is extremely delighted to have been born a contemporary of the greatest war in history:—

"Radiant the spirit rushes to the grave.
Glorious it is to live
For such an hour, but life is lovelier yet to give."

Still, we are grateful to him for acknowledging, even apologetically, that it is possible for war to be a tragedy as well as an ethical and spiritual redemption.

Mr. Field, on the other hand, rushes into the fray with Berserk fury, brandishing his *clichés* like one possessed. No doubt it is sheer excitement that causes him to stutter once or twice, and even to create a certain incongruity of effect:—

"Her preparations made, with feverish haste
Fair France's powerful forces took the field:
While with a roar the British Lion faced
For one whole day, with indignation steeled!
England must wait! Her ultimatum soars
With righteous anger o'er the trembling wires—
'In four-and-twenty hours leave Belgian's shores,
Or face a foe whom fiercest fury fires.'"

Mr. Field, like the Kaiser, commandeers the Deity (in a parenthesis):—

"To our glorious Navy! Much to thee we owe!
Proud Tower of Strength! Fair England's surest shield.
(With Him, our Stronger Tower, to Whom we bow,
And supplicate for Victory in the field.)"

There is nothing like Sound, Fury, and Capitals to carry a rather invalid meaning to the end of the stanza.

Emotional attitude, temper of mind, the way one approaches a subject and applies its values, do, of course, influence the form and content of poetry. Particularly with the war-poem. If, for instance, one looks at war merely in the spirit of boasting, its metrical embodiment will, in all probability, achieve only rhetorical declamation. And Mr. Blair's "For Belgium" does, from the author's unpretentious spirit, acquire a certain restraint and dignity. True, the image "we are pent in teguments of scorn" suggests more of the hippopotamus than "civilization's flesh." True, we shall find it a little difficult to "cauterize" Germany's "conscious stain"; but, there, it is all in the day's work, and we must not be too particular! Whoever read a modern war poem without discovering such little spots on the sun?

Mr. Sabin's verse has, as a rule, a genuine poetic quality, and his expression reflects his artistic purpose, with singular precision and lucidity. But he heard that the Germans mutilated our wounded:—

"If, almost past believing, this be truth—
Not fevered dreams of foes, nor wanton lies—
That helpless wounded Britons without ruth
Are seized and horribly despoiled of eyes."

And this shocking and, we hope, untrue story, the desecration of Reims, Canon Rawnsley's martial lilt, and other motives, have induced him to issue this volume. The result is that unsuitable material has largely paralyzed the strength, the sharpness, the mobility of his utterance.

We all know where the stertorous inspiration of "Cleared for Action" comes from:—

"There's a lot o' bus'ness lately in the papers every day
'Bout the Navy (Royal Navy);
It doesn't matter very much exactly wot they say
'Bout the Navy (Royal Navy)."

In all the romantic inventions of the human mind, there is nothing more exotically romantic than the picturesque Cockney who talks Kiplingese.

Like Mr. Hewlett, Miss Ford has an artless way with her rhymes:—

"With a cry of men that slay
Volga calls to Vistula,
Meuse to Marne, one battle-scene,
And Louvain mourns, and Malines."

The "Times" of last week issued a selected supplement of sixteen war-poems that have appeared in their pages since the beginning of the war. They differ from the poems we have been reviewing in maintaining a respectable mediocrity. The best of them, considered as a whole, is perhaps Mr. Kipling's, for he has fashioned one or two lines of feeling and resonant force, and his verse is freer

from the excesses of dissonance, rhetoric, bad rhymes, and bad grammar. Still "Renewed and Re-renewed" is hardly a model of assonance. As a poet Mr. Hardy, unfortunately, writes commonplaces in the grand manner and Mr. Bridges—well, like a Laureate. Doggerel, in the dialect or cockney manner of "Cleared for Action" is only employed by Mr. Dudley Clark and Sir Henry Newbolt. "A. E.'s" emotional sincerity will not allow him to ride a spavined muse, and the following lines, superior in the thought rather than the expression, are perhaps the best in this strange company:—

"How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace!
With the fleet circling of the suns,
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo! how Thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands,
The devil's blessings from their hands."

It is only by comparison with the others that such lines stand out at all. Mr. Watson, with a rare sense of humor, repeats his world-famous catch—"We bit them in the Bight."

THE RELIGION OF CHINA.

"Confucianism and its Rivals." The Hibbert Lectures, 1914. Second Series. By HERBERT A. GILES. (Williams & Norgate. 6s. net.)

IN these lectures the Professor of Chinese at Cambridge describes, "from a purely secular point of view, the religious struggles and problems of a people whose national life dates back to prehistoric times and still shows no signs of decay." Suggestive as the treatment is, it is not merely technical; and the book is sufficiently anecdotal to appeal to the ordinary reader. China is one of the riddles of history. It is impossible that the Chinese people should not have a world-significance; but it is difficult either to state precisely what their significance has been and is, or to foresee what it will become. Their temper is eminently practical; they have never been what is called a "religious" people; they have little enthusiasm and few ideas. It has been questioned whether their conception of deity is substantive or adjectival. In either case, it is that rather of the deist than the theist: *T'ien* is a higher power, not what divines call a Personal God. And national heroes represent national characteristics: Confucius is a typical Chinaman, possessing the solid mediocrity of his race in an exceptional degree. He exhibited an almost archiepiscopal caution; "there were four special subjects on which he would not willingly talk"—supernatural manifestations and spiritual existences being of the number: and in general he spoke little, answering, when his silence was blamed, "Does God speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are regularly produced; but does God say anything?" His outlook over life was positive. "Until you are able to serve men how can you expect to serve their spirits?" was his answer to an over-curious inquirer; and, in the same vein, "Until you understand life, how can you possibly understand death?" He refused to attend the centenary sacrifice to the founder of the reigning dynasty; and, when asked its meaning, his reply was that he did not know. But he resented parsimony disguised as reforming zeal: when a disciple proposed to abolish the prescribed offerings, he said, "My son, you grudge the sheep; I the sacrifice." His pupil Mencius refused to ascribe to the divine will misfortunes due to human folly; "He who understands what is meant by the will of God will not place himself under a tottering wall." And he was a sound Erastian. If, when the rites of religion have been duly performed, a drought or a flood should follow, "then the spirits of the land and grain should be deposed and others put in their place."

The religious history of China is by no means uniform. Taoism and, later, Buddhism—to each of which a medley of popular superstition attached itself—were rivals to Confucianism; which, however, though at times obscured, retained the general confidence of the nation, and now, as of old, exercises a greater influence than its competitors—much as among ourselves the ethicism of St. James, whose

epistle so great a man as Luther belittled, is a more potent factor in religion than the mystical dialectic of Paul and John.

Judaism and Mohammedanism have a certain, though small, following; Nestorian Christianity was introduced in the seventh century; in the thirteenth a Catholic bishop is found at Peking. In the sixteenth the famous Jesuit mission was founded; in the nineteenth the Protestant Churches, American and English, appear on the scene. Great hopes have been entertained that the undermining of the old order in China which has taken place in our own time might lead to a movement towards Christianity; the more so, as in 1913 the new Republican Government asked the various Churches for their prayers. Mr. Giles discusses, and discounts, these anticipations. The subject is one on which it is exceptionally difficult to form an opinion. Neither the friends nor the opponents of missions are discriminating; a dry light is seldom obtained. It may be doubted whether what Mr. Giles describes as "the three real obstacles to the spread of Christianity in China"—the dogma that man is born good; the tradition of ancestor worship; and the practice of filial piety—are as insuperable as he thinks. Rousseau influences us more than St. Augustine or Calvin—the current Christian doctrine of grace is semi-Pelagian; ancestor worship was tolerated by the Jesuits with the approval of Innocent X.; and filial piety is a dictate of natural religion;—the New Testament passages which look the other way are explained in every Sunday-school. Nor need the Mosaic cosmogony be taken very seriously; it belongs to the element of time-and-place stuff found in all historical religions, and has fallen away.

Greater weight is probably to be attached to what are regarded among ourselves as burning questions:—

"Educated Chinese have difficulties over the divinity of Christ—which is, indeed, a moot point with European scholars—and over His virgin birth and resurrection, both of which events will be found to have parallels in early Chinese literature. The doctrine of the Trinity, already familiar through Buddhism, naturally forms a severe stumbling-block; the more so to those who discover, or are told, that this important dogma is nowhere mentioned in the Bible, but belongs to a later date."

It may reasonably be believed that the solution of such questions is to be looked for, not in technical or dogmatic theology, but in history, in psychology, and, above all, in the development of that civilization—which, since it is civilization as such, it is a mistake to speak of as Western—of which Christianity, spiritually conceived, forms an integral part. In what may seem to us at times the arid strife of religious parties interests more vital than those of party are involved; the conflict between letter and spirit, from which no modern Church is free, has a more than domestic, a more even than European bearing; because, in the last resort, mind is one:—

"I do not think (says Dr. Sanday) that they—i.e., the traditionalists—at all appreciate the enormous strength of the position I am defending, or the hope it holds out of winning thinking men in the modern world to Christ. I cannot see that any of them have allowed due weight to what I have called 'the unification of thought.' The mind that has no vision of this cannot do justice to the mind that is guided by it. If we can bring Christianity into a system of unified thought, I do not see what should prevent the whole world from becoming Christian."

It would be well if the work of the Churches in China, and generally in the mission-field, was conducted on these large lines.

EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS.

"An Englishman's Recollections of Egypt." By BARON DE KUSEL (Bey). (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

BARON DE KUSEL has yielded to the pressure of friends in putting on record his memories of Egypt, over a period of more than fifty years. Entering upon business at the tender age of fifteen, at twenty-nine he was transferred to the Civil Service as Chief of the European Department of the Customs, and retired in 1884 with the rank of Controller-

General, his post having been suppressed, only to be "reborn under the title of Deputy Director-General of Customs, at about double the salary," and given to a German. From that date until now his interest in Egyptian affairs has flourished unabated, and he has lived to congratulate the Government on their proclamation of a Protectorate over the country.

The book covers the period in Egyptian history which sedentary students of the illustrated papers in bound volumes know best. Kusel Bey participated with gusto in those moving incidents, which only lost their flavor for us in the sterner experiences of South Africa; hard sense, rough justice, good courage, and a belief, dumb, but immovable, that England's influence was at all times for the best, carried him through his difficulties and sustained him in such amusements as the "good, old-fashioned dinner" with which a Christmas early in his career was heroically celebrated on the English plan. He saw the Suez Canal opened, and attended the ball in honor of the Emperor of Austria; he has massaged female victims of cholera; he watched the bombardment of Alexandria, personally saved the Customs monies from seizure by Arabi, and was one of those who beheld with enthusiasm the message "Well done, 'Condor,'" fluttering from the Admiral's masthead. But the theory of government which he has evolved while watching, and himself assisting, the development of modern Egypt, naturally holds the attention more closely than the public pageants and private acts of kindness which find a place in these amiable records. The fellaheen, in Kusel Bey's judgment, "are a hard-working race, good-tempered, and only want proper training, good example, and a little education to make them a wonderful asset to the country." It was a public school education that was needed, for Kusel Bey says of Ismail Pasha, whom Arabi described to Mr. Blunt as the "causer of the destruction of Egypt."—

"He has been misjudged by European writers, and they point to the enforced labor of the fellaheen toiling under the kourbash, and judge Eastern manners, customs, and ideas of life by their own European standards, standards which are natural to them, and which they have known all their lives, but which are absolutely unnatural to the East. Ismail was Eastern with all the Eastern mind, capable of dealing with the nation over whom he was called to rule."

A similar outlook is responsible for the summary of the character of Arabi, the most cryptic figure of the period:—

"He did not strike me as possessing great personal magnetism. He had only the scantiest education, his record was nothing wonderful; and yet he undoubtedly made people believe in him. Those people in England who looked upon him as a hero and a patriot were most probably of the 'little people,' who will in all likelihood remain little as long as the British Empire exists."

Here and there these pages contain other indications of the conclusions which shaped themselves in the author's mind as he set up improved systems of accounting, or rode out at sunset for exercise and the contemplation of the beautiful. War, war-like methods, and an endeavor to form a view of what art means to life, are, we suppose, three common subjects of speculation for whatever intellect still retains any activity. There could scarcely be better texts for discussion than Kusel Bey's aphorisms on these themes:—

"It has always seemed to me that warfare keeps alive qualities in man which make for a far sounder, surer progress, than that derived purely scientifically. . . . Scientific government, though incontrovertible in words, rarely, if ever, succeeds in practice."

"There is no folly so great and conducive to such bad results as sentimentality. To my mind it is one of the curses of Western civilization, and before a great number of decades has passed, I am inclined to believe that there will be a great reaction. It is almost a necessity if we are to retain our position as a nation."

"I often wonder whether it is possible to assign a real reason for Art; as far as I can see, the only one is that it is to ennoble life; and yet, does it? . . . It would hardly seem so unless it is backed by a beautiful nature and a strong will."

But we should err in leaving the impression that this book is a philosophic manual. Its interest lies in its simplicity; it exhibits a just, a strenuous, and, on the whole,

an unreflective character, tinged with the deep English feeling for scenery and the wild life that falls to the English gun, stamped with the English love of food and horse-racing and dances. The appendix is enriched by a collection of letters which exemplify the style of the private secretaries to Cabinet Ministers; pondering on the sameness running through their variety, one sees that Kusel Bey is to be envied, since no one, after hearing the story of his life, could put the fatal question of Mr. Belloc's traveller regarding the typical civil servant's career: "Had he any adventures?"

THE NOVEL OF ADVENTURE.

"The Jacket." By JACK LONDON. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Golden Glory." By F. HORACE ROSE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Salute to Adventurers." By JOHN BUCHAN. (Nelson. 6s.)

THE reason why the novel of romantic adventure no longer exists as a living force, is, obviously enough, because there are no longer any romantic adventures. With the explosion of the theory of war as a romantic fillip to armchair warriors, with the financial exploitation of the far parts of the earth, and with the commercialization of values, romance, the true romance of Smollett and Fielding, is bundled, neck and crop, out of the novel. And so, our modern romantics, all the other avenues of chivalry being closed to them, must idealise the superman of commerce, clothe him in shining armour, and put the sword of Galahad into his hand. For all that, established things die hard, and the average romantics, being bereft of the living force, will batten on the dead one. Thus, the historical novel, indurated by generations of convention, still pursues its way, without any consciousness that its Frankenstein has been absorbed into the mechanical monster he created.

Mr. Jack London is one of those who has thriven on a seafaring past. Blustery waves have ever suited his blustery personality. And one cannot withhold a certain respect for that personality. Its vagabondish inclination is more genuine than the drawing-room filibusters' thin-spun out of the school of Mr. Locke and others. The object of Mr. London is simply to bellow you off your feet. His style is the real Vorticism, not the eloquent Vorticism of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. For instance:—

"And the snarl of my anger was blended with the snarl of beasts more ancient than the mountains, and the vocal madness of my child hysteria, with all the red of its wrath, was chorded with the insensate, stupid cries of beasts pre-Adamic and pre-geologic in time."

Or:—

"We know life only phenomenally, as a savage may know a dynamo; but we know nothing of life noumenonally (sic), nothing of the nature of the intrinsic stuff of life."

Of course, that is an artificial, a vicious, a ludicrous style, because it represents a distortion of the commonplace. Still, the personality is there, achieving its effects by illegitimate means in theme, structure, and manner, but still achieving them. In his new book Mr. London adopts for his hero a criminal professor, imprisoned in a Californian gaol for the murder of a fellow-professor. There, because of his "intractable" metal, he is subjected by the warden to the incessant torture of the strait-waistcoat. To spite his tormentors and relieve his intolerable agonies, he succeeds by "self-hypnosis" in temporarily shedding his physical consciousness and so re-incarnating not a few of his previous existences. These metamorphoses take the form of the Count Guillaume de Saint-Maure (that transformation has all the historical novelist's flavour!), killed in a duel; the boy Jesse Fancher, of Arkansas, killed with his family by a combined attack of Indians and Mormons; the shipwrecked Englishman, Adam Strang (1550-1650); a Korean notability, who endures the most surprising revolutions of fortune; and Ragner Lodborg, who, after incredible vicissitudes, becomes the commander of a Roman legion in Jerusalem, falls in love with Miriam, the sister-in-law of Herod Antipas, and witnesses the execution of Christ. He is various other personages as well—in fact, all mankind's epitome! Thus, Mr. London, treading on the heels of Sir Thomas Browne, ponders the vexed speculation of immortality. Apart from these fantastic excursions, Mr.

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London makes a terrible indictment of the Californian prison system. His descriptions are, indeed, almost too horrible for the printed page. But their sincerity is unquestionable, and, if they are true, it can only be hoped that these prisons will suffer the fate of the Bastille.

"Golden Glory" is a tale of the Basutos in the time of Chaka. It relates the pilgrimage of Napo the Dwarf, Keshwan the Giant, and Baroa the Bushman, to discover the "golden glory," a kind of Round Table adventure. The number of tribes and chieftains these stalwarts make and unmake and the number of enemies they slay is what the journalist of to-day would call "phenomenal." Their statesmanship is, indeed, so effective that they even create a national Basutoland—certainly, it would seem, with no Malthusian problem of population. At any rate, we are free from the civilized white man, with the civilized maxim-gun, which would have solved the problem (and indeed has) so much more expeditiously. The story, though quite innocent of any literary quality, is entertaining enough, and in another and more refreshing way, when we read of Napo declaiming: "There is a golden glory that haunts the dreams of men."

Mr. John Buchan's latest book is in the tradition of historical romance. Its setting is in Virginia, its hero a young merchant, with one eye on his pocket and the other on deeds of knight-errantry and the constituents—God's gentlemen, scalping Cherokees, an old-world maiden, and a band of roistering "Free Companions," who (in the established Robin Hood manner) never rob an Englishman, but only Frenchmen and Spaniards. And that curious kind of Stevensonian, buskined dialogue, as though the players were soliloquizing to an audience that expected the proper stage periods, rather than talking among themselves—it is all there. It is all there, pressed down, running over, bottled, and labelled as it has been, and as it will be so long as there are authors, publishers, and circulating libraries.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Belfry." By MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"THE BELFREY" is not about any war, but has a setting in Belgium which may pass the topical test. It displays that form of bad taste which is summarized by the phrase "showing off." It is a tale of the disconsolate Lady Briarwell, who, her husband being temporarily demented, seeks distraction in the arms of the Flemish dramatic genius, Ysambert. Ysambert, we are told eventually, is appallingly selfish; he succeeds only in being appallingly dull. But it is not so much the artifice of the actual plot that sharpens our irritation, but the artifice of style and treatment. It is exemplified by that kind of mental fluffiness which uses words like "soul-awareness" and sticks a plume into "bas-relief" by calling it "bas-relievo." There is no need, in fact, to analyze or describe the kind of pretentiousness we mean. It is best exemplified by quotations from the book itself. The author's most potent claims of her fellowship with the Parnassians consist in the employment of French terms where she ought to have used English. Unfortunately, their correctness is not indisputable. Thus, the inhabitants of that town do not speak of *Bruges-le-Morte*; a Belgian does not speak of an Englishwoman as *La Anglaise*, and he does

not address his male friend as *mon amie*. And it is a grammatical, and not a religious, motive that prevents him from saying *à l'enfers avec les prêtres*.

"Consumption and its Cure by Physical Exercises." By FILIP SYLVAN, M.D. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the features of modern medical treatment is the part played by physical exercises, and Dr. Sylvan's application of the method to the cure of consumption is of considerable interest. Dr. Sylvan's view is that the attempt to fight tuberculosis by exterminating the tubercle bacillus is hopeless, since the bacillus is present everywhere in modern life and it is thus impossible to avoid re-infection. He therefore holds that the disease must be combated by curing the *predisposition* to consumption. His book sets forth this theory with considerable force, and he has been able to bring forward in its support results shown at the Royal Society of Medicine. In addition to a discussion of the theory, the book contains a number of home exercises for consumptive patients, excellently illustrated. Altogether, Dr. Sylvan's work is one that demands consideration. It is thoroughly practical, and will appeal to laymen as well as to the medical profession.

The Week in the City.

THE Russian Exchange has recovered a little from the fall of Warsaw—at least on Thursday, on renewed hopes of success in the Dardanelles, it fell to 137 roubles per £10. Unfortunately, at the same time the New York Exchange has gone worse, reaching a low record of 4.75½ dollars to the pound. Moreover, the Paris check rose on Wednesday to 27½ francs to the pound, which is the most serious depreciation of French money yet recorded. Italian currency now exchanges at over 30 lire to the pound, a fall of 20 per cent. The steadiness of the German exchange, which is still only about 14 per cent. below par, is attributed, with much plausibility, to the difficulty of importing commodities caused by our long-range blockade. There are some people who think that a relaxation of this might prove disastrous to German credit, and that the value of currency and the public confidence in it would speedily crumble if the period of compulsory economy and abstention of foreign luxuries came to an end.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

The chief activity during the week has been in the War Loan and in American and Canadian securities. The boom in War Order Stocks must have been very profitable to Wall Street, but most of them stand at a dangerous height, and no one will be surprised if a slump followed the boom. There is indeed no immediate sign of peace, but there is always the possibility to be remembered by investors in munition firms and armament factories that the war trades might come to a sudden end. Nobel Explosive shares have risen on an official statement that negotiations for the sale of the German interest (valued at £1,800,000) have been concluded with the sanction of the British Government. It is a curious example of a financial arrangement made between private citizens of two countries at war, and the transaction illustrates very strikingly the international character of the trade. By a provision of the agreement the Nord-Deutsche Bank of Hamburg will surrender 150,000 ordinary shares held in Germany to the British Government.

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